MAY
1940
S-M-5
BIG SHOT
NO. 1
10c
BIG SHOT COMICS
AMERICA'S FINEST COMIC FEATURES!
CHARLIE CHAN
JOE PALOOKA
MARVELO
THE BUNGLES
SPYMASTER
YOUSE IS A SWELL GUY, SKYMAN, TO SAVE DIXIE DUGAN FROM THOSE KIDNAPPERS!
Starting this issue: The outstanding comic character of the year, THE SKYMAN!
OGDEN WHITNEY

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JETTA
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FANTASTIC TALES
COSMO CAT
STRANGE MYSTERIES
DARING ADVENTURES
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MYSTERY Tales
EXCITING COMICS
Famous Funnies
STRANGE WORLDS
JETTA
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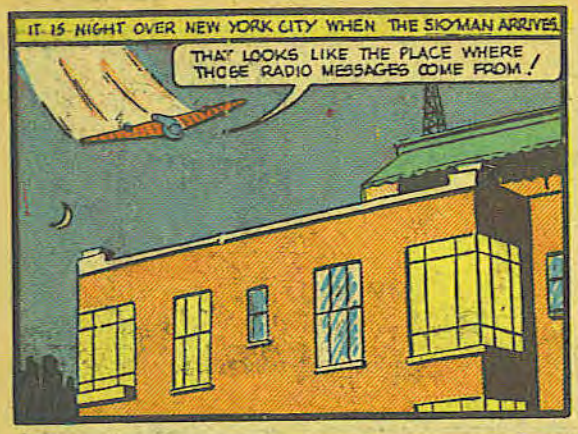
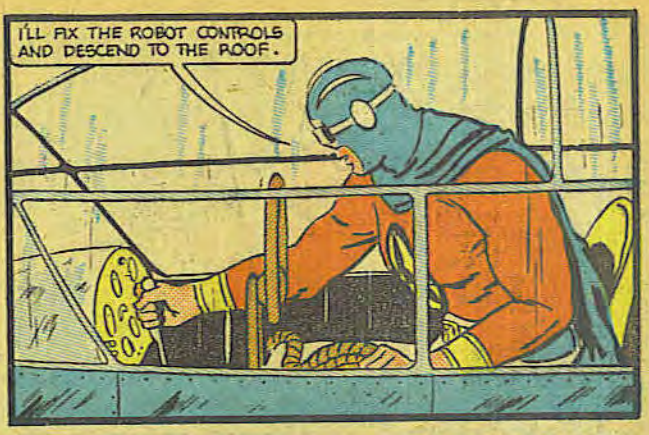
CASH PRIZES GIVEN
BARNYARD COMICS
EXCITING COMICS
EERIE
EXCITING COMICS
CASPER CAT
DARING ADVENTURES

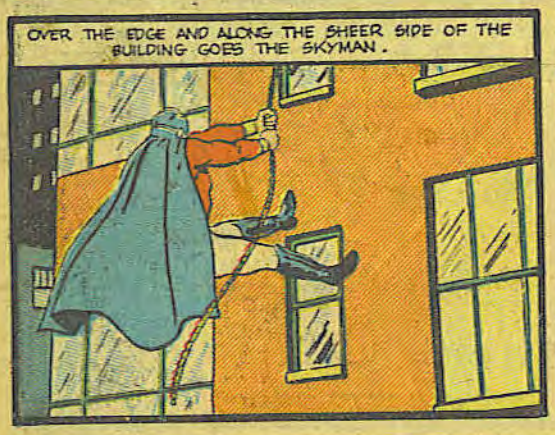
The SKYMAN
by PAUL DEAN
OUT OF THE AIR IN THE SPRING OF 1940 SWOOPS A STRANGE PLANE, FLEET AS THE WIND IT RIDES, PILOTED BY A MASTER AIRMAN KNOWN ONLY AS THE SKYMAN. OVER THE COTTON PLANTATIONS OF VIRGINIA THE PLANE APPEARS LIKE THE FABLED BLACK THUNDERBIRD
THE SIGNING OF THE SKYMAN.
WHAT IN THE —! IS THAT STRANGE LOOKING PLANE CHASING ME?
HE'S SAFETYING CLOSER! HEY— WATCH OUT YOU—!
THE MYSTERIOUS PILOT FIRES A BOLT FROM HIS STAGGERING AND PARACHUTES THE PILOT
THE QUEER PLANE LANDS, AND FROM ITS CABIN LEAPS A STRANGE FIGURE—THE SKYMAN!
JUST AS I THOUGHT! A BRIEF CASE HIDDEN BEHIND THE INSTRUMENT BOARD!
JO! THESE PAPERS CONTAIN LISTS OF SABOTAGE PLOTS IN DETAIL AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT TO GET US INTO WAR!

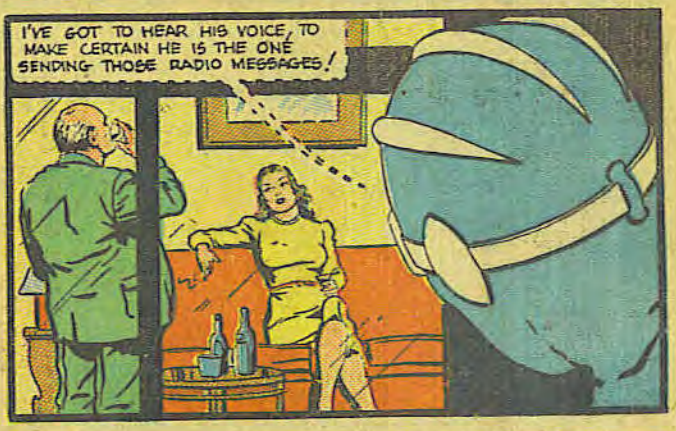

IT IS NIGHT OVER NEW YORK CITY WHEN THE SKYMAN ARRIVES.
THAT LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE WHERE THOSE RADIO MESSAGES COME FROM!


I'LL FIX THE ROBOT CONTROLS AND DESCEND TO THE ROOF.

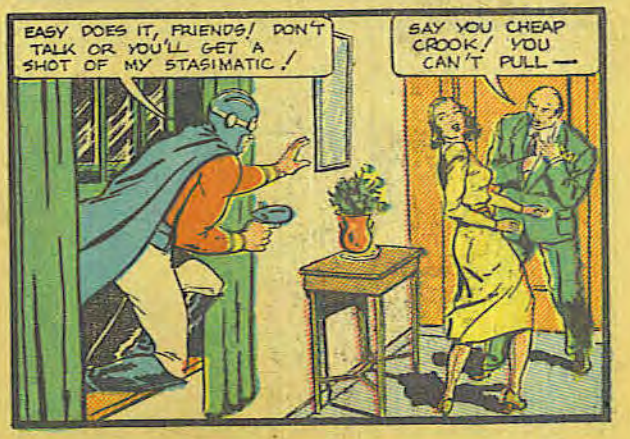
BY AN AMAZING SCIENTIFIC DEVICE KNOWN ONLY TO HIMSELF, THE SKYMAN CAUSES HIS PLANE TO REMAIN SUSPENDED ABOVE THE HOUSE---AND SWINGS DOWNWARD BY ROPE-

—AND DROPS LIGHTLY TO THE ROOF!
MY SPECIAL RADIO EQUIPMENT PICKED UP THE CALLS AS COMING FROM THIS APARTMENT HOUSE.


OVER THE EDGE AND ALONG THE SHEER SIDE OF THE BUILDING GOES THE SKYMAN.


I'VE GOT TO HEAR HIS VOICE, TO MAKE CERTAIN HE IS THE ONE SENDING THOSE RADIO MESSAGES!

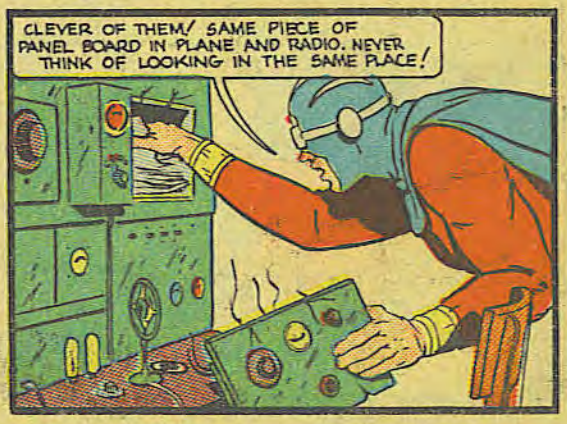
OPENING THE WINDOW, THE SKYMAN LISTENS IN ON THE CONVERSATION
HE'S THE ONE, ALLRIGHT. I COULDN'T MISTAKE THAT NASAL TWANG OF HIS!

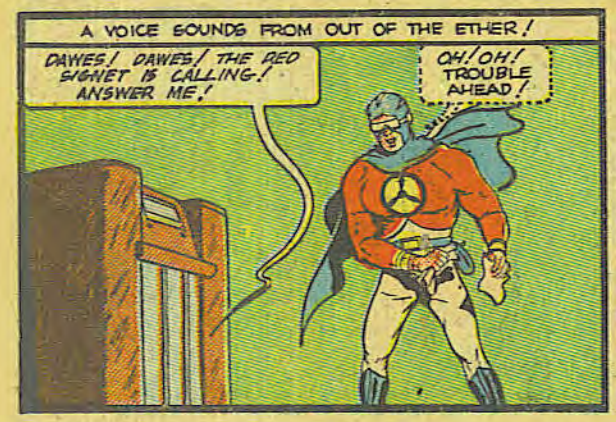

EASY DOES IT, FRIENDS! DON'T TALK OR YOU'LL GET A SHOT OF MY STASIMATIC!
SAY YOU CHEAP CROOK! YOU CAN'T PULL—

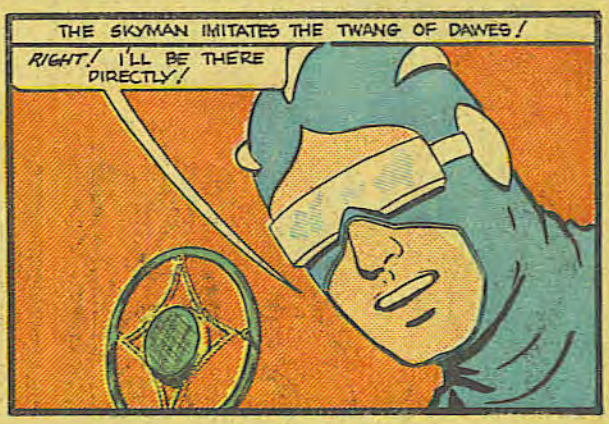
I SAID — DON'T SPEAK!
OH! YOU'VE KILLED HIM!

I DON'T THINK YOU'RE IN ON THIS BUT I'M MAKING SURE. YOU WON'T DIE —YOUR BLOOD CIRCULATION IS TEMPORARILY SUSPENDED.,

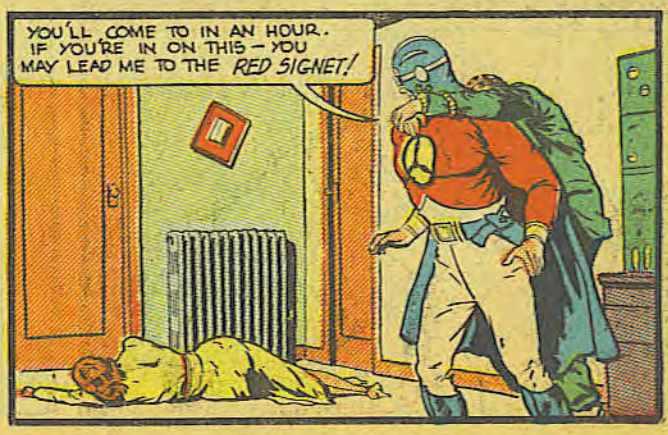
THE SKYMAN RANSACKS THE APARTMENT—
NOT A SHRED OF EVIDENCE, UNLESS, THAT PANEL BOARD!


CLEVER OF THEM! SAME PIECE OF PANEL BOARD IN PLANE AND RADIO. NEVER THINK OF LOOKING IN THE SAME PLACE!

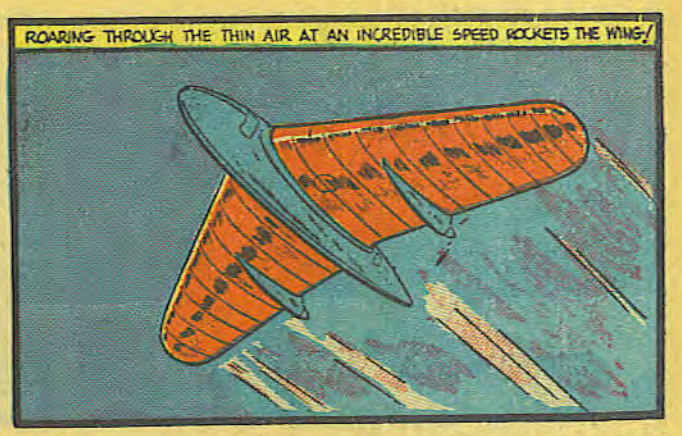

A VOICE SOUNDS FROM OUT OF THE ETHER!
DAWES! DAWES! THE RED SIGNET IS CALLING! ANSWER ME!
OH! OH! TROUBLE AHEAD!

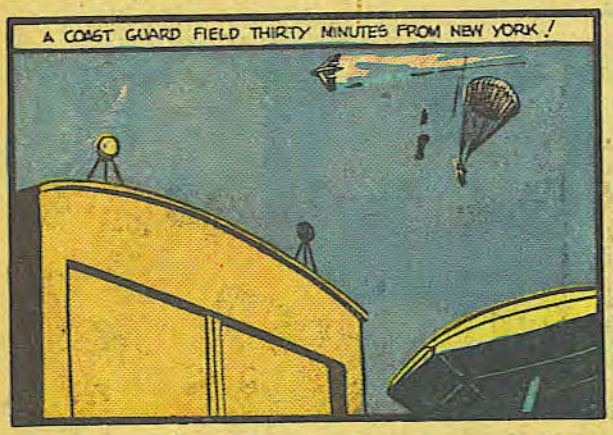

THE SKYMAN IMITATES THE TWANG OF DAWES!
RIGHT! I'LL BE THERE DIRECTLY!

THAT WAS CLOSE! I'LL TAKE THESE PAPERS ALONG — IT'S A CINCH THEY'LL CONVICT DAWES.


YOU'LL COME TO IN AN HOUR. IF YOU'RE IN ON THIS — YOU MAY LEAD ME TO THE RED SIGNET!

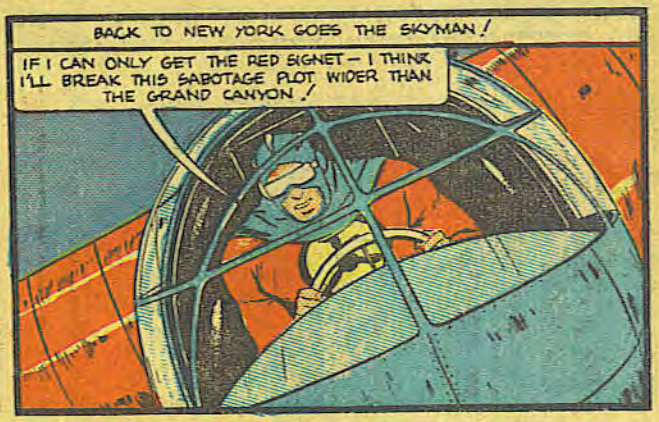
I'LL HAVE TO GIVE THE WING THE GUN TO GET BACK HERE IN TIME!


ROARING THROUGH THE THIN AIR AT AN INCREDIBLE SPEED ROCKETS THE WING!


A COAST GUARD FIELD THIRTY MINUTES FROM NEW YORK!

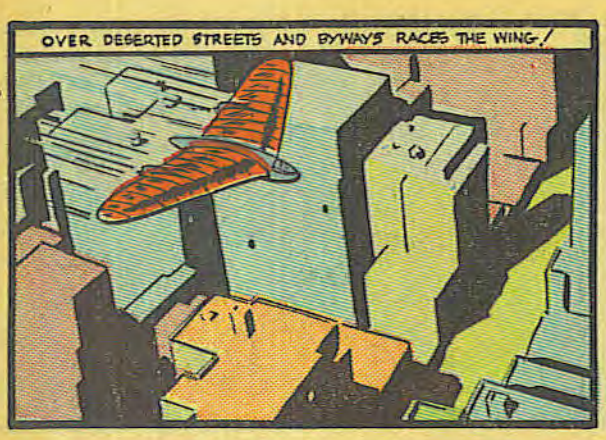
THE SKYMAN SENDS UP A FLARE!

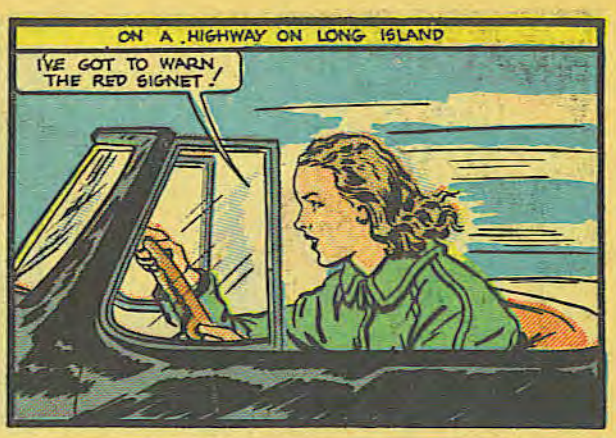
WHEE! ALL OF THE SABOTAGE PLANS-AND ADDRESSES IN NEW YORK!
AND THIS GUY IS ONE OF THE RINGLEADERS!


BACK TO NEW YORK GOES THE SKYMAN!
IF I CAN ONLY GET THE RED SIGNET — I THINK I'LL BREAK THIS SABOTAGE PLOT WIDER THAN THE GRAND CANYON!

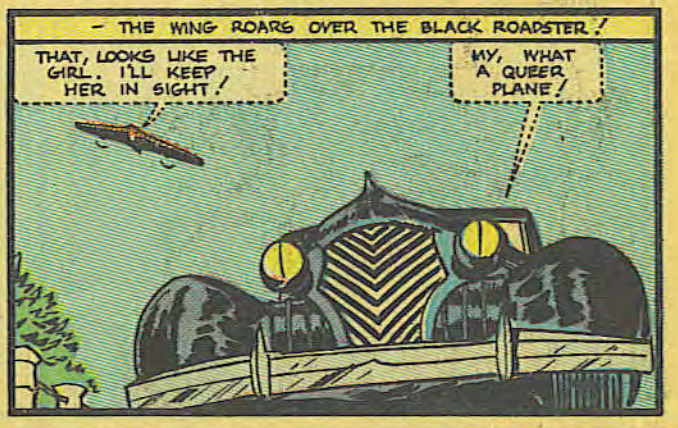
SHE MAY STILL BE HERE. IN THAT CASE — I'LL FOLLOW HER —

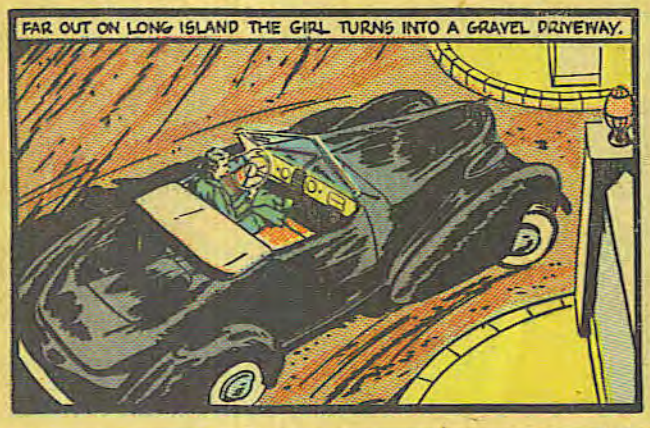
SHE'S GONE! I'LL HAVE TO PICK UP HER TRAIL IN THE WING! I THINK SHE'LL HEAD FOR THE REAL SABOTAGE LEADER — THE RED SIGNET!

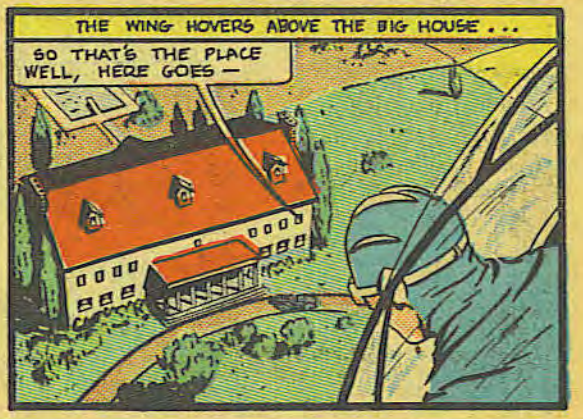

OVER DESERTED STREETS AND BYWAYS RACES THE WING!


ON A HIGHWAY ON LONG ISLAND
I'VE GOT TO WARN THE RED SIGNET!

THAT RADIO CALL FOR DAWES CAME FROM SOMEWHERE ON LONG ISLAND. PERHAPS, IF I FOLLOW THE PARKWAY—

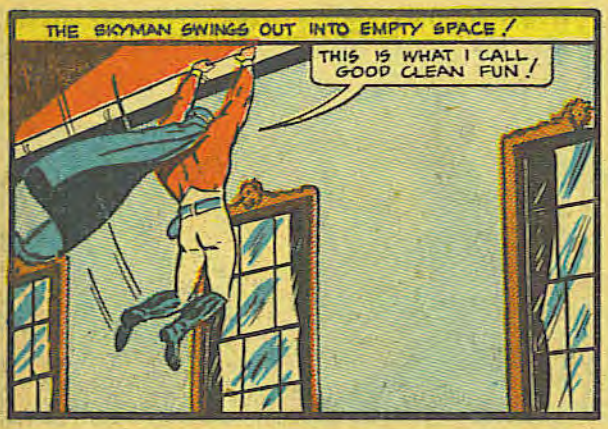

— THE WING ROARS OVER THE BLACK ROADSTER!
THAT, LOOKS LIKE THE GIRL. I'LL KEEP HER IN SIGHT!
MY, WHAT A QUEER PLANE!

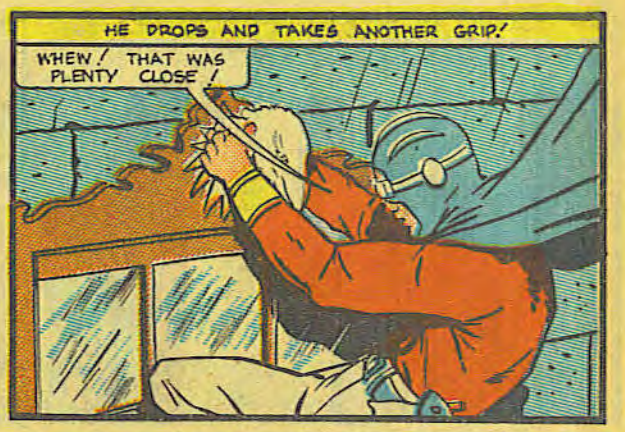

FAR OUT ON LONG ISLAND THE GIRL TURNS INTO A GRAVEL DRIVEWAY.


THE WING HOVERS ABOVE THE BIG HOUSE . . .
SO THAT'S THE PLACE WELL, HERE GOES —

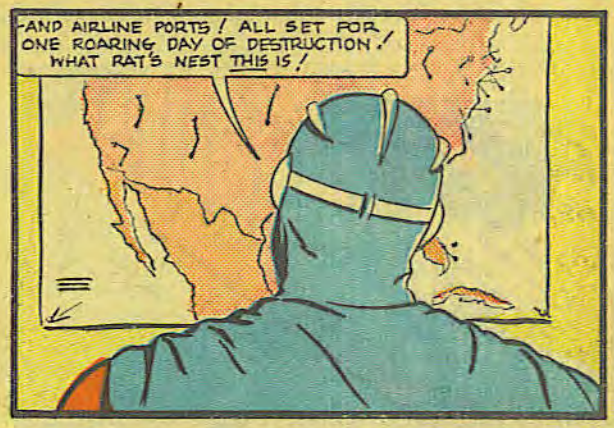
THE SKYMAN DESCENDS BY ROPE TO THE ROOFTOP BELOW.
THIS IS THE END OF THE TRAIL, I'LL BET!

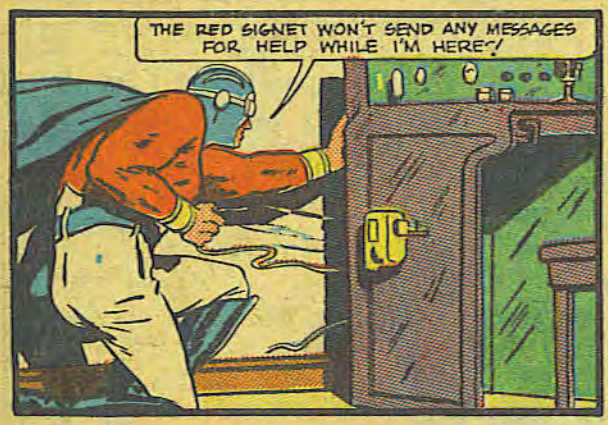
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, I HAVE A FEELING THAT THIS IS THE RED SIGNET'S LAIR!


THE SKYMAN SWINGS OUT INTO EMPTY SPACE!
THIS IS WHAT I CALL GOOD CLEAN FUN!


HE DROPS AND TAKES ANOTHER GRIP!
WHEW! THAT WAS PLENTY CLOSE!

WHEE—A ROOM WITH MAPS AND PINS IN THEM TO SHOW FUTURE SABOTAGE ATTACKS ON SHIPYARDS, RAILROAD TERMINALS-

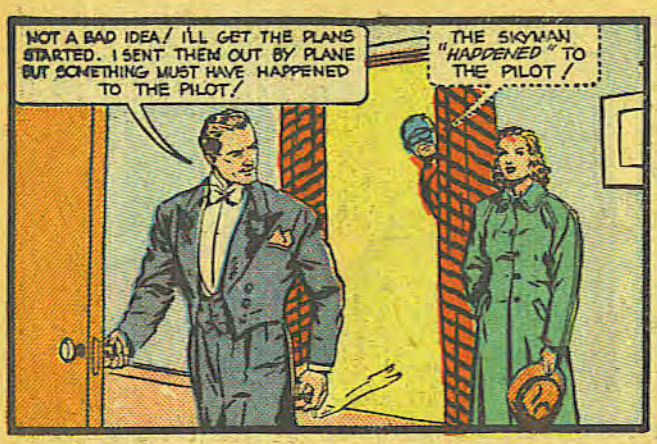

-AND AIRLINE PORTS! ALL SET FOR ONE ROARING DAY OF DESTRUCTION! WHAT RAT'S NEST THIS IS!


THE RED SIGNET WON'T SEND ANY MESSAGES FOR HELP WHILE I'M HERE!

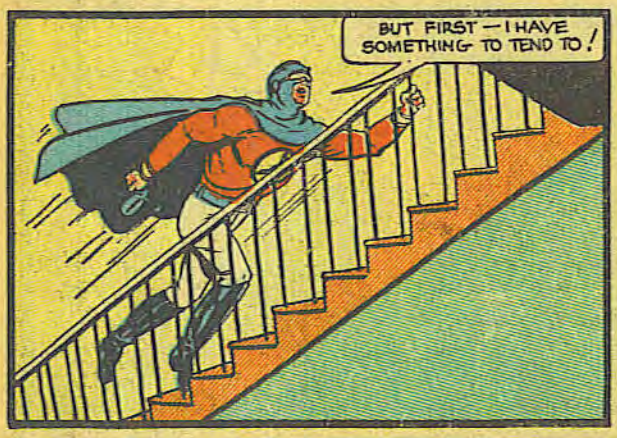
I'VE FIXED THE RADIO SO HE WON'T NOTICE IT'S BROKEN UNTIL HE TRIES TO USE IT. AND NOW FOR THE RED SIGNET!

THE SKYMAN ARRIVES AT HIS GOAL!
—AND I CAME RIGHT OUT AS SOON AS I RECOVERED

I'VE HEARD OF THIS SKYMAN! BUT HE'S DONE ME A GOOD TURN—I WAS GETTING LEERY OF DAWES. HE WAS TURNING TOO JITTERY TO BE OF MUCH FURTHER USE.
WHY NOT RADIO YOUR MEN TO GET INTO INSTANT ACTION?

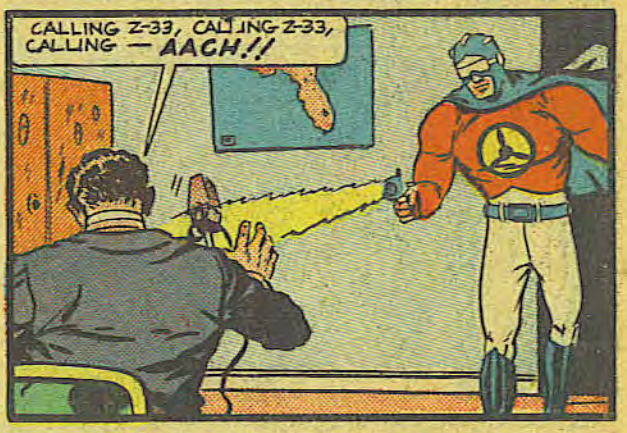

NOT A BAD IDEA! I'LL GET THE PLANS STARTED. I SENT THEM OUT BY PLANE BUT SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO THE PILOT!
THE SKYMAN "HAPPENED" TO THE PILOT!

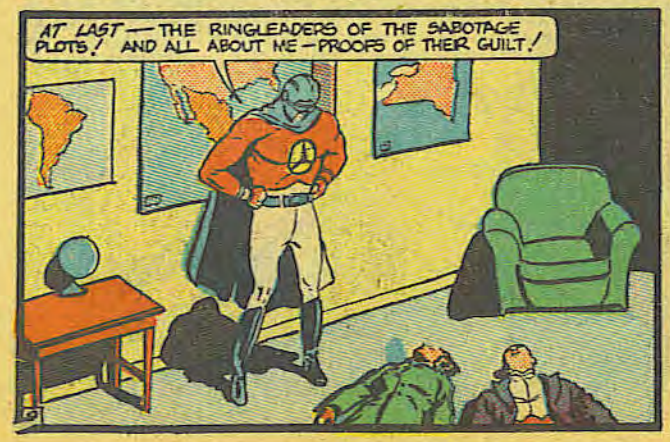
AND WHEN THE RED SIGNET LEAVES THE ROOM —
NOW THAT I KNOW YOU ARE IN ON THIS DEAL—YOU'RE COMING WITH ME TOO!


BUT FIRST—I HAVE SOMETHING TO TEND TO!

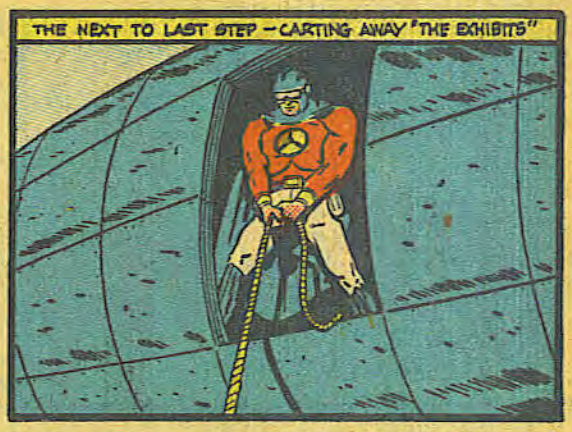
THE RED SIGNET IN HIS EXCITEMENT, FAILS TO SEE THAT HIS RADIO SENDING SET DOES NOT WORK!
CALLING X2R, CALLING X2R! CALLING Z-33, CALLING Z-33!

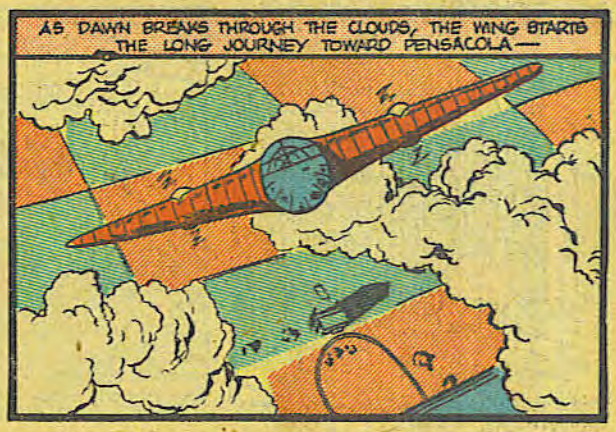
THE ALERT SKYMAN JOTS DOWN ALL THE RADIO STATIONS.
I'VE GOT THEM ALL, NOW. THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE RED SIGNET—!

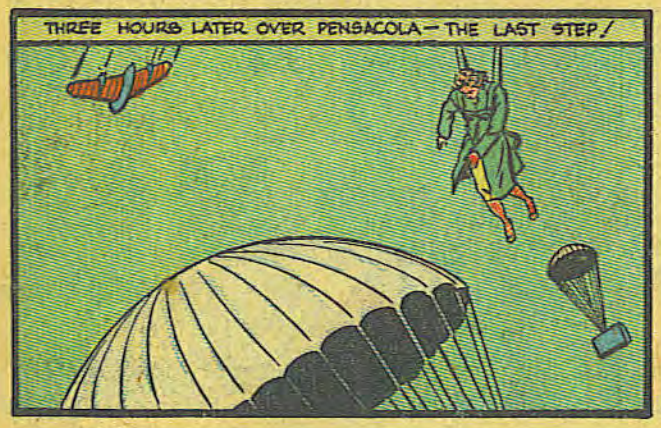

CALLING Z-33, CALLING Z-33, CALLING — AACH!!


AT LAST — THE RINGLEADERS OF THE SABOTAGE PLOTS! AND ALL ABOUT ME—PROOFS OF THEIR GUILT!

INTERESTING READING FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY OFFICIALS!







WHO IS THE SKYMAN?

WHY DOES HE AID THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE AGAINST TREACHERY?

ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS IN A NEW SKYMAN ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH - DON'T MISS IT!

Follow the sensational exploits of **THE SKYMAN** *each and every month in* **BIG SHOT COMICS!**

JOE PALOOKA
By HAM FISHER
FOLLOWING A FREAK MOTORCYCLE ACCIDENT, WHILE HELPING TONY PENTHAUS AND MISS ARBUTUS STOOFER TO ELOPE, JOE PALOOKA IS UNHAPPILY LEAD TO BELIEVE THAT BY MISTAKE HE HAS MARRIED THE GIRL. GLOOMY AND DESPONDENT HE NOW MAKES A DECISION.
BUT G-GOLLY··· WHO'LL TAKE CARE A THE FAM'LY AN' SEE THAT THE CHILDERN'S EDJICATID?
NO··· I'LL DISTAPPEAR AN' GIT A JOB AN' SEND MONEY T'THEM. I KIN WRITE A LETTER AN' ESPLAIN T'OLD KNOBBY. HE'LL UNDERSTAN'.
G-G'BYE ANN DEARIST··· THIS IS LIKE GULP DYIN' G'BYE
REFRIGERATOR
SOUTHERN FRUIT
CITR PROD
FLORID RAILWA
I WONDER WHY JOSIPH AINT HERE T'MEET US?
G'WAN·· THEM'S PAMS.
LOOKUT THE BIG FERN TREES.
KNOBBY·· OH KNOBBY!
QUENA VISTA HOTEL
I-I STARTED OUT TO ELOPE WITH ARBUTUS·· I ASKED JOE TO COME ALONG AS BEST MAN·· WE WERE ON A MOTORCYCLE AND SIDE CAR····
!
··I BENT OVER TO KISS MY DARLING··· WE HIT A TREE·· I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING 'TILL JUST NOW··· WE HEARD THEM YELLING EXTRA·· "PALOOKA MARRIES ARBUTUS STOOFER"··· MY OWN ARBUTUS···
GO ON·· GO ON! TALK FAST·· YA LUNKHEAD!
··THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED··· AND ARBUTUS REFUSES TO SEE ME. SHE'S GONE TO JOIN JOE···
WHY? WHY··· SPEAK FAST!
SHE SAYS SHE'S MARRIED TO JOE AND SHE LIKES HIM BEST ANYWAY.
LISSEN YA MUG!! YA BETTER COME BACK IN AN' SEE ANN WITH ME RIGHT NOW!
I CAN'T··· OH DEAR·· I'VE GOT TO FIND THEM····
I SAID YER GOIN' WITH ME!

TELL MISS HOWE I GOTTA SEE HER! I KIN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING···
MRS. HOWE SAYS YOU ARE NOT TO BE ADMITTED SIR. AND THE SAME FOR MR. PALOOKA. GOOD DAY SIR.

OHHH DAD··
ANN DEAR··· ISN'T IT TERRIBLE?

I··I DIDN'T THINK HE COULD DO THIS TO ME.
DO WHAT? THE PAPERS SAID HE WAS GOING ALONG AS BEST MAN. THEY HIT A POLE AND··WELL HERE'S THE STORY··· IT SEEMS ETC··ETC ···

THEN HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED? ···THE POOR LAMB·· OHHH DAD··· I THOUGHT I'D NEVER WANT TO LIVE AFTER THIS.
I WONDER WHY HE HASN'T CALLED YOU.

I MUST KEEP HIM FROM THAT GIRL. I GUESS SHE WASN'T UNCONSCIOUS!
HE WAS SEEN ON THE STREETS. LET'S FIND HIM.

HE AINT HERE. THEY AINT SEEN 'IM IN TH' HOTEL.
I'M TERRIBLY WORRIED. AND I CAN IMAGINE THE STATE JOE'S IN.
LET'S FIND TONY PENTHAUS.

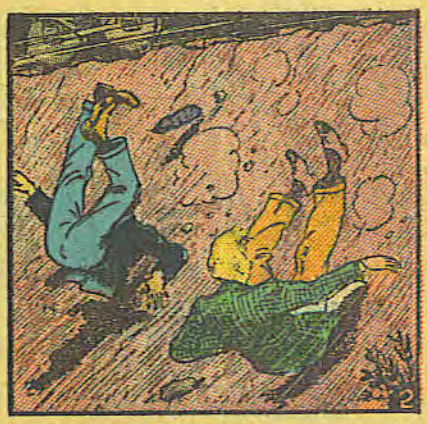
HE LEFT US··· SAID HE WAS GOING TO THE HOTEL···HE DIDN'T GO WITH ARBUTUS···OHH DEAR··ARBUTUS ···MY LOST LOVE···
HE AINT NO HELP! LET'S GO.
THE PAPER GAVE THE GIRL'S NAME AND ADDRESS.

IS MISS STOOFER IN?
MISSUS P'LOOKA, SHE SEZ SHE DON' WANNA SEE NOBUDDY BUT MISTA P'LOOKA.

WHAT'S YER MONNIKER PARD? DEY CALL ME RED.
POOR JOE. IN HIS SIMPLE WAY IT NEVER OCCURED TO HIM THAT, INSTEAD OF RUNNING AWAY, THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN 'OUT'. HIS HEART BURSTING WITH DESPAIR HE RIDES ON THROUGH THE NIGHT.

CHEESE IT! HERE COMES A BRAKIE!
WHERE'LL WE GO?

C'MON KID JUMP. WE AINT GOIN' FAST.



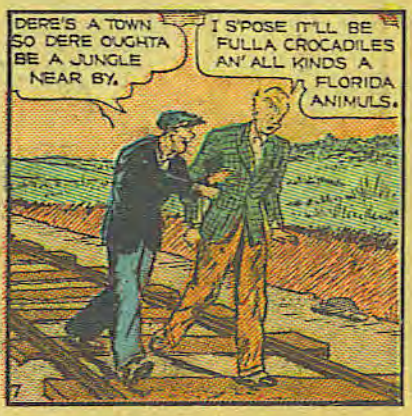
ARE YOUSE HURT?
NOT MUCH. BUT I AINT GOT MUCH STRENGTH. I GUESS I GOT A TOUCH A LUNG TROUBLE.

AW I'LL BE OKAY BUDDY.
I'LL CARRY YOUSE.

I'M OKAY NOW. I AINT NO SISSY. DESE LUNGS KINDA-YA KNOW---
WHEN I GIT A JOB I'LL SEE THAT A DOCTER TREATS YOUSE.

GEE-I THINK I GOT TROUBLE-I DIN'T WANTA LIVE-BUT I GUESS YOURS IS WORSE.
AW EV'RYTING COMES OUT ALL RIGHT KID. SOME DAY YA MIGHT BE PALLIN'AROUND WIT' D'PRINCE O'WALES--- WHO KNOWS

I DID---I MEAN I GUESS I DID THINK A THAT. DO YOUSE EVER READ THE NEWS-PAPERS?
NAW. I READ THE MOVIE MAGS BOY, AINT THAT MAE WEST TH' ONIONS? WHEW!


DERE'S A TOWN SO DERE OUGHTA BE A JUNGLE NEAR BY.
I S'POSE IT'LL BE FULLA CROCADILES AN' ALL KINDS A FLORIDA ANIMULS.

HEY!
I TOLD JA DERE'D BE A JUNGLE.

DIS HERE'S A FRIEND A MINE. HOW ABOUT A SLUG O' 'SMOKE'. WE NEED SOME BAD.
IT'S 'COUGHIN' JIMMY'.
WHO'S D'OTHER BIRD?

IF YOU GUYS WANTA HANG OUT AROUND HERE G'WAN OUT AN' RUSTLE SOME GRUB!
AW SHUCKS BARNEY, GIVE US A HAND-OUT? WE'LL GO OUT HUSTLIN' LATER.
WE'RE DEAD TIRED.

I'LL GO RED. YOUSE SIT DOWN AN' REST. YOUSE ARE COUGHIN' AWFIL.

UGH--- TANKS KID. DON'T GIT KETCHED UP BY DE BULLS.
I AINT AFRAID A BULLS NOR COWS NEITHER. G'BYE NOW-- I'LL SEE YOUSE SOON.

THE WHOLE THING'LL BE TH'EE DOLLAHS AN' FO' BITS.
I ONLY GOT TWO AN' A QUARTER. HOW MUCH WILL IT BE WITHOUT THE CHICKIN?

BIG BARNEY SINKS HIS TEETH IN JOE'S SHOULDER. THEY CRASH HITHER AND YON IN DESPERATE ROUGH AND TUMBLE COMBAT. JOE HAS NOT BEEN ABLE TO LAND A SOLID BLOW-- AS THE GIANT HOBO KICKS AND USES EVERY FOUL TACTIC.

--AND CRASHES A RIGHT TO HIS JAW-- BIG BARNEY DROPS--THE OTHER BO'S AWAKENED BY THE CONFLICT LOOK ON IN FRIGHTENED SILENCE---

BUT BIG BARNEY'S INFLAMED MIND IS NOT SATISFIED-- HE CRAWLS TO THE FIRE AND GRABS A BURNING CLUB---

BARNEY SMASHES THE BURNING CLUE IN JOE'S FACE AS HE TURNS---

YA MURDERER-- MURDERER-- I'LL GET YER !!!
JOE FALLS UNCONSCIOUS ::BARNEY RUNS INTO THE DARKNESS FOLLOWED BY THE SLINKING HOBOES---- WHILE RED SCREAMS HIS RAGE AT THEM --- AND THE MOON.

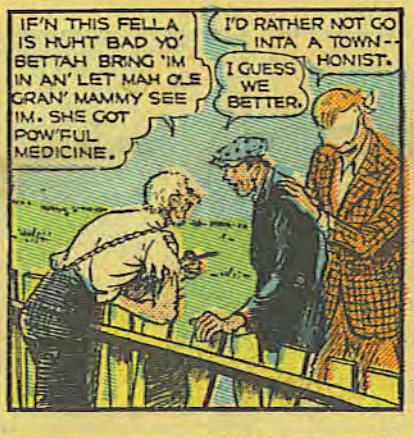
YOU'LL BE OKAY KID. YOU'LL LIVE-- DAT'S SOMET'IN'.
IT--IT RILLY DON'T M-MATTER.
MORNING

I TORE UP YER HANKERCHIEF. I'M PUTTIN' IT AROUND YER HEAD. WE'RE GONNA FIND A SAWBONES.

DE DOC'LL FIX YA UP KID. FOLLA ME.
I--I CAN'T GO INTA A TOWN. I JIST CAN'T. COULDN'T WE STAY HERE --- PLEASE?

NOT WIT' DAT FACE PARDNER. YA NEED A DOCTER. NOBODY'LL RECONIZE YA. DE BANDAGE COVERS YA.
A-AWRIGHT-- GEE-- I APPRISHIATE THIS RED.

SAY, WHERE'S D'NEAREST DOCTER?
THEY AINT NONE ALONG THIS HEAH ROAD MISTA--- NEAREST ONE AT FOHT PIERCE.


IF'N THIS FELLA IS HUHT BAD YO' BETTAH BRING 'IM IN AN' LET MAH OLE GRAN' MAMMY SEE IM. SHE GOT POW'FUL MEDICINE.
I'D RATHER NOT GO INTA A TOWN-- I GUESS HONIST. WE BETTER.

SHE OVAH A HUNDE'D YEAHS OLE, AN' HER PAPPY WAS A INJUN CHIEF. GAWSHAMIGHTY SHE SHO' GOT STRONG CHAHMS AN' MAGIC.
HEY! HEY YO' OLE GRAN'-MAMMY!

DIS HEAH BOY NEED HE'P. HE DONE BEEN HUHT.

WE DON'T KNOW WHERE HE COULD HAVE WENT. TH' P'LEECE AINT GOT A SINGLE CLUE.
HE MUST SEE YOUR APPEAL IN THE NEWSPAPERS.
MEANWHILE, BACK HOME.

YOU KIN IMAGINE WHAT THAT POOR KID'S GOIN' THRU. THINKIN' HE DONE THIS TO YOU.
I KNOW-- I KNOW. OH KNOBBY WE MUST FIND HIM.

JOE LIES ON THE BED DELIRIOUS WHILE THE OLD CRONE APPLIES HERBS TO HIS 'BURN' AND MUTTERS STRANGE WORDS.

THE ENTIRE WORLD BREATHLESSLY AWAITS WORD OF THE MISSING JOE. POLICE, FEDERAL MEN, NEWSPAPERS, AND A SCORE OF OTHER AGENCIES VAINLY SEEK SOME CLUE. HE MAY AS WELL HAVE VANISHED OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

A BREATHLESS MOMENT OF HOPE AND FEAR.... WILL JOE REGAIN HIS EYESIGHT?? DON'T FAIL TO READ NEXT MONTHS ISSUE!

The lovable, likable JOE PALOOKA, appears only in BIG SHOT COMICS

The FACE

by MICHAEL BLAKE

AAGH! AAGH!

GRIM AND FANTASTIC – COMPOSED OF THE STUFF OF TORTURED NIGHTMARES – WEIRD AND GRUESOME IS – THE **FACE**! WHO IS HE? ALL THE UNDERWORLD WOULD LIKE TO KNOW! IS HE A CRIMINAL? ALL THE LAW ENFORCING AGENCIES THINK SO – BUT THEY LACK PROOF! HE COMES AND GOES GRINNING AN ETERNAL GRIN – LIKE A NAMELESS SHADOW, SILENT AND MYSTERIOUS!..

SHE FAINTED! WELL, MY FACE ISN'T ANY PLEASANT THING — AH! HER HANDBAG!

SEIZING THE WOMAN'S HANDBAG, THE FACE PREPARES FOR A QUICK EXIT —

NOW TO MAKE A GETAWAY BEFORE MELISSA SANDERS RECOVERS! I THINK THE INFORMATION I WANT IS IN HER BAG!

— AND DROPS LIGHTLY TO THE GROUND NEAR HIS POWERFUL ROADSTER.

SEATED IN HIS CAR, THE FACE FUMBLES AT THE BASE OF HIS NECK —

THIS RUBBER MASK WAS MADE ESPECIALLY FOR MY FACE — EVERY CURVE AND BUMP OF MY HEAD IS FOLLOWED —

AND LIFTS OFF – A RUBBEROID MASK!

— SO THAT IT FITS MY FEATURES EXACTLY! THE MAN WHO MADE IT FOR ME DIED — SO NONE CAN TRACE ME!

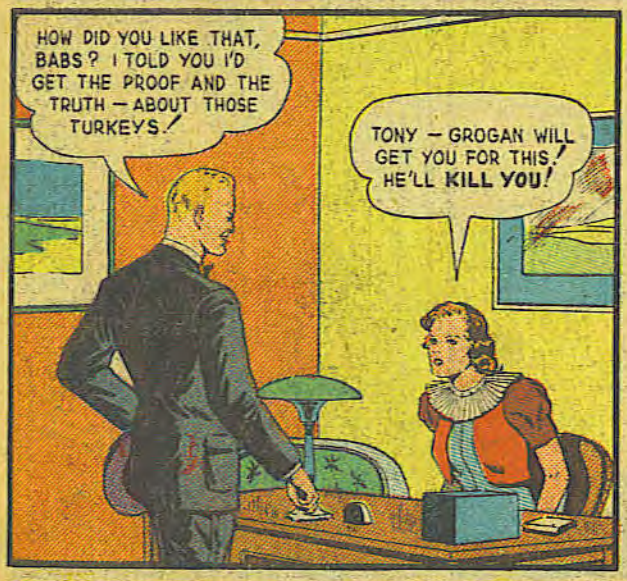
THE MASK IS SO SMALL AND COMPACT, IT FITS EASILY INTO A VEST POCKET!

IF THOSE PEOPLE PASSING BY KNEW ME FOR — THE FACE! THEY'D TEAR ME TO PIECES! I WONDER IF I'M LATE FOR THE BROADCAST?

AT RADIO STATION WBSC, OWNED BY TONY TRENT (THE FACE) —
TONY TRENT! YOU'RE LATE AGAIN! HURRY — YOU SHOULD BE ON THE AIR! OH, YOU'RE IMPOSSIBLE!
HELLO, BABS! MY, WHAT AN EFFICIENT SECRETARY! OKAY — I'M READY!

SO THE FACE APPEARS OVER THE RADIO NETWORK AS TONY TRENT, POPULAR RADIO COMMENTATOR!
HELLO, FOLKS OF AMERICA. THIS IS TONY TRENT OF THE AIRWAVES COMING TO YOU — THAT FOOD SHORTAGE IN THE CITY I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT YESTERDAY IS NO JOKE. LISTEN —

I GOT HOLD OF SOMETHING — THE BILL OF SALE FROM A WESTERN FARMER TO — THE CITY'S CRIME CHIEF — GRUDGE GROGAN — FOR THOSE TURKEYS THAT MADE THE POOR ORPHAN ASYLUM CHILDREN SICK THIS WEEK-END!


HOW DID YOU LIKE THAT, BABS? I TOLD YOU I'D GET THE PROOF AND THE TRUTH — ABOUT THOSE TURKEYS!
TONY — GROGAN WILL GET YOU FOR THIS! HE'LL KILL YOU!

I'M GOING TO PAY A FLYING VISIT TO THE ORPHAN ASYLUM TO CHECK UP ON THIS POISONED TURKEY FOOD!
TONY — BE CAREFUL!

THE FACE ARRIVES AT THE ASYLUM!
THIS IS THE ORPHAN ASYLUM — I'LL CHECK ON THE POISONED TURKEY MEAT FIRST!

HE INVESTIGATES THE BAD MEAT —
THIS MEAT IS RANK! GROGAN OUGHT TO BE SENT TO JAIL FOR THIS!

AND LOOKS IN ON THE SICK WARD OF THE ASYLUM —
POOR LITTLE TYKES — ALL SICK! I'LL SEE THAT GROGAN PAYS FOR THIS!

AT "GRUDGE" GROGAN'S SUMPTIOUS APARTMENT —
WHEN I MADE YOU MY SECRETARY, MELISSA, I THOUGHT YOU WERE CAPABLE OF TAKING CARE OF YOURSELF —
IT WAS — THE FACE GRUDGE! IT WAS HORRIBLE! I FAINTED AND THE FACE STOLE THE BILL OF SALE THAT I WAS GOING TO DESTROY!

TONY TRENT BROADCAST ABOUT THAT BILL OF SALE LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO! HOW DID HE KNOW ABOUT IT?
MAYBE TRENT IS — EEEE!

THE APARTMENT DOOR HAD OPENED NOISELESSLY — AND THE FACE SUDDENLY APPEARS LIKE A TERRIBLE SPECTRE!
THE — THE FACE! GAD — YOU'RE HORRIBLE!
THANKS! I SEE MELISSA HAS FAINTED FOR THE SECOND TIME TO-NIGHT!

I WANT DETAILS, GROGAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THE MONEY THE TAXPAYERS ARE GIVING FOR RELIEF? THE PEOPLE ON RELIEF ARE GETTING ONLY FLOUR AND APPLES!
FOOD — IT'S GOING FOR FOOD, I TELL YOU!

BEHIND THE FACE, A DOOR IS PUSHED INWARD —
OH-HO! REINFORCEMENTS, EH, GROGAN — SORT OF GUILTY CONSCIENCE, HAVEN'T YOU?
CHIEF — WE — LORD!

SIGHT OF THE HIDEOUS FEATURES OF THE FACE UNNERVES THE GUNMEN LONG ENOUGH FOR THE FACE TO BE UPON THEM!
GOOD THING TO BE UGLY — IT SCARES THE OTHER GUY LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET THE JUMP ON HIM!

I OUGHT TO SHOOT YOU LIKE THE DOG YOU ARE, GROGAN — BUT I'M GOING TO PUT YOU BEHIND BARS, INSTEAD!

YOU BOUGHT POISONED MEAT FOR THE ORPHANS! YOU GIVE PEOPLE ON RELIEF FLOUR AND APPLES! BUT YOU'LL PAY FOR IT! I'M GOING TO GET PROOF OF WHAT I SAY!

I THINK MELISSA SANDERS IS THE WEAK LINK IN GROGAN'S CHAIN! SHE'LL TALK — IF I SCARE HER ENOUGH!

THE FACE ENTERS MELISSA SANDERS' APARTMENT AND HIDES BEHIND A DRAPE...

GROGAN'S SECRETARY ENTERS HER BEDROOM AN HOUR LATER —
OH, IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME— WHAT'S THAT!

DON'T FAINT AGAIN — I BEG YOU! I WANT SOME INFORMATION ABOUT GROGAN!
EEEEE! EEEEE!

GO AWAY! GO AWAY! PLEASE!
I'LL GO — AFTER YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT GROGAN'S TAKING MONEY FROM THE POOR!

GROGAN BUYS CHEAP FOOD WITH RELIEF MONEY — AND POCKETS THE BIG PART OF IT HIMSELF! HE BOUGHT THOSE CHEAP TURKEYS, WHICH WERE POISONED TURKEYS TO BEGIN WITH, FOR THE ORPHAN ASYLUM WHEN ALL THE KIDS TOOK SICK!

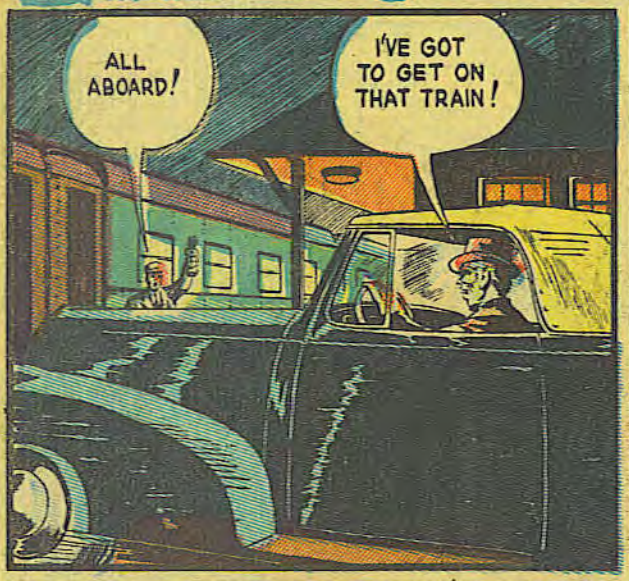
HE BUYS FLOUR AND APPLES FOR THE POOR INSTEAD OF GOOD FOODS. HE — HE KEEPS THE MONEY —
WRITE YOUR NAME UNDER THAT CONFESSION I WROTE OUT FOR YOU — AND YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN!

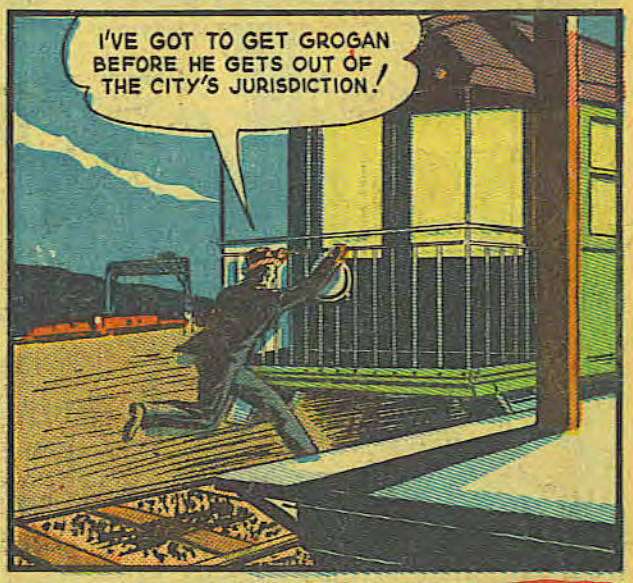
THIS CONFESSION OF MELISSA'S OUGHT TO MAKE GROGAN TALK!

I GUESS THIS FACE OF MINE IS UGLY ENOUGH TO SCARE ANYONE — EXCEPT GROGAN! — INTO TALKING! I'M BOUND FOR HIS PLACE NOW!

BUT THE FACE FINDS GROGAN HAS "FLOWN THE COOP"!
HE KNEW I'D MAKE MELISSA TALK, I GUESS! IS THAT A TIME-TABLE ON THE FLOOR?

PARKSIDE RAILROAD, EH? HE'S AFTER THAT 9:08. THERE'S JUST A CHANCE TO CATCH HIM!

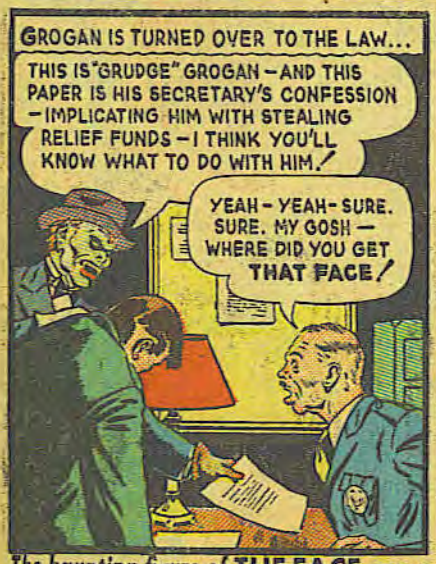

ALL ABOARD!
I'VE GOT TO GET ON THAT TRAIN!


I'VE GOT TO GET GROGAN BEFORE HE GETS OUT OF THE CITY'S JURISDICTION!

IN HIS ANXIETY TO FIND GROGAN, THE FACE FORGETS HE STILL WEARS HIS HORRIBLE MASK!
WHAT A FURORE!
EEEE!
AAAGH!
OH, MY GOODNESS!

OH MAH HEAVENS! OOHH! IT'S FRANKY STEIN!
DON'T BE ALARMED! IS "GRUDGE" GROGAN AROUND?

YASSAH — DOWN THAT AISLE — AND LET ME OUTTA HERE!
I SEE HIM!



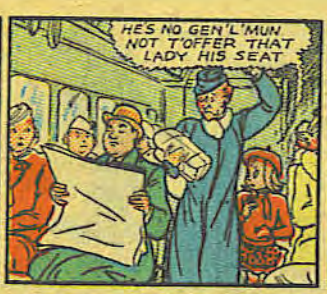
TUNE IN ON WBSC FOR ANOTHER FACE ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH — WITH TONY TRENT OF THE RADIO AIRWAVES!

The haunting figure of **THE FACE**, *scourge of the foes of justice, will thrill you every month in* **BIG SHOT COMICS!**

DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL

IN THE CLUBHOUSE



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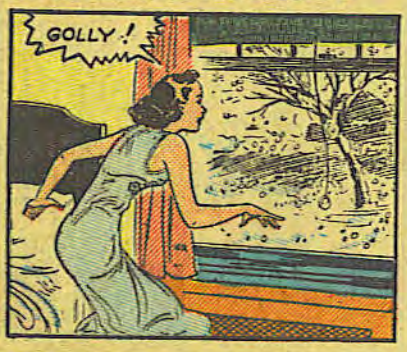

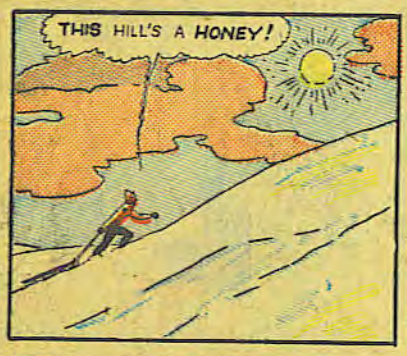

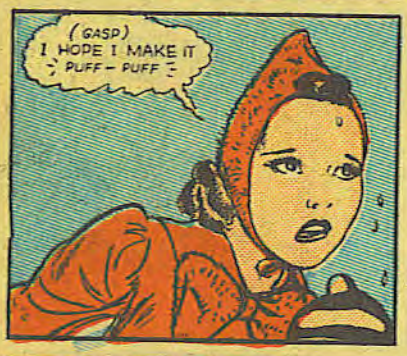

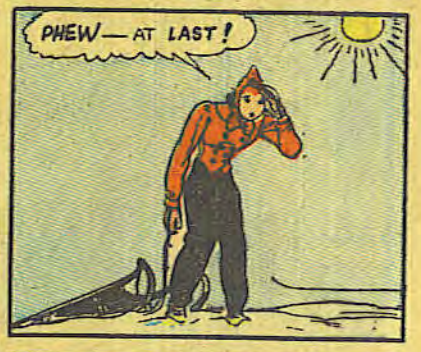

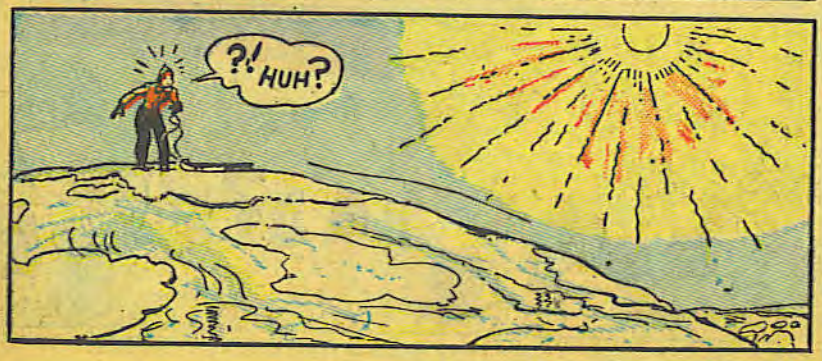

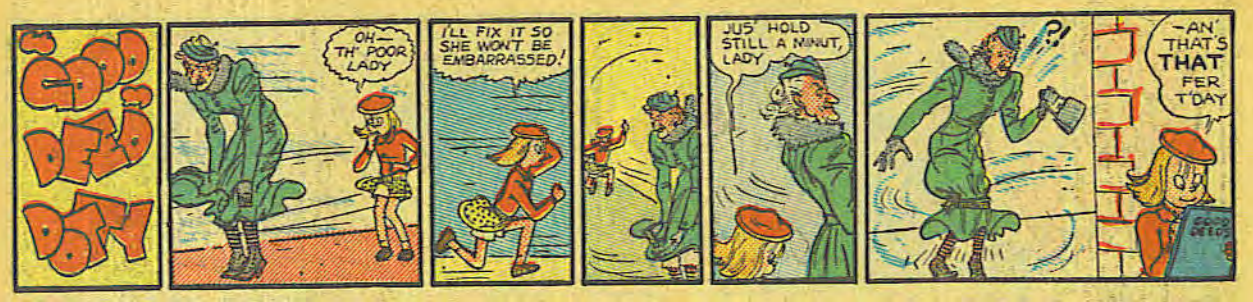

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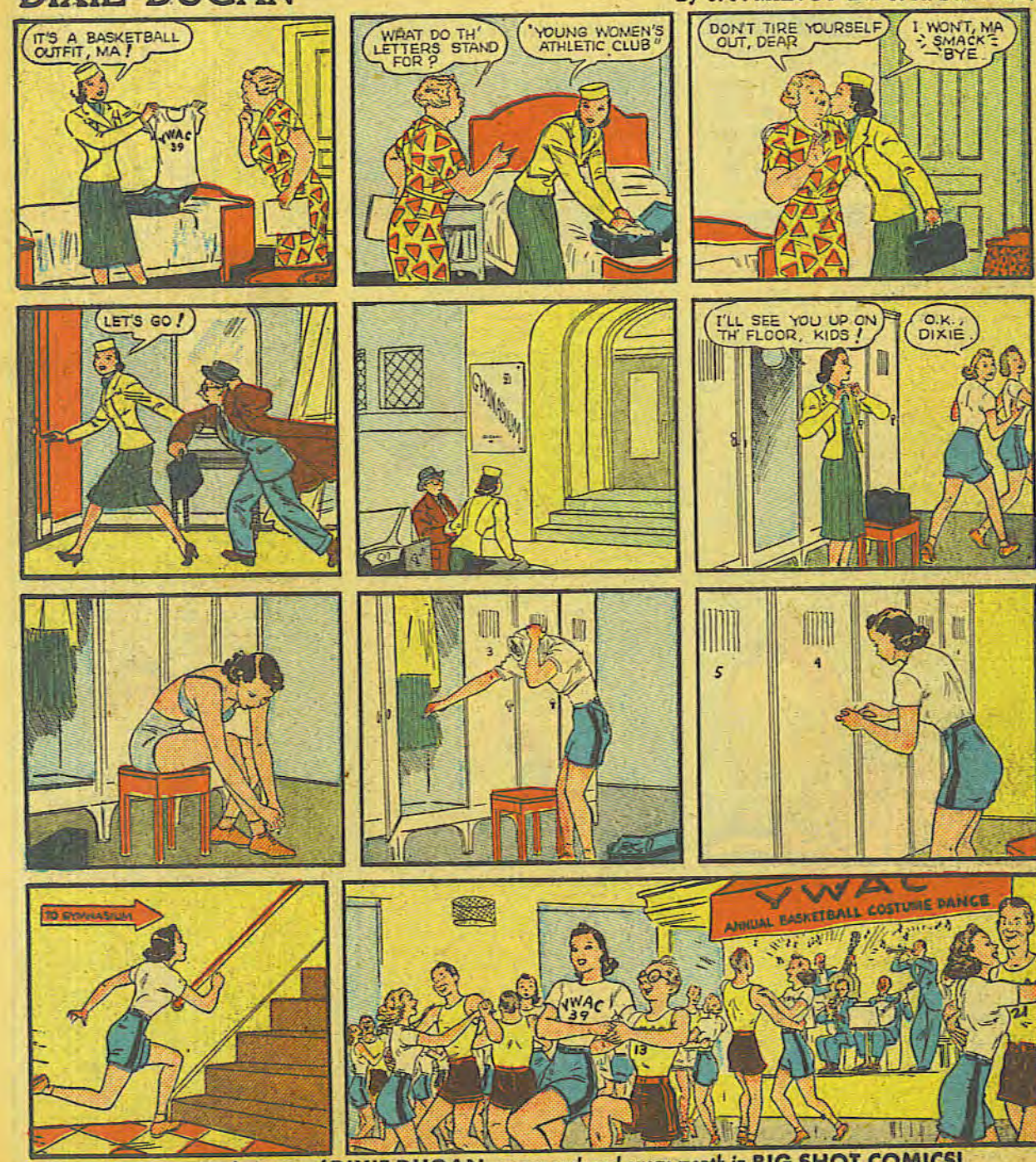

The humorous adventures of **DIXIE DUGAN** *appear each and every month in* **BIG SHOT COMICS!**

BIG SHOT STAMPS

NEWS REVIEWS FACTS

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

TODAY, more than ever before, history is depicted on stamps by nearly every country on the face of the globe — from immense Russia to tiny Luxemburg. These stamps, if collected by a historian for the next 10 years, could provide him in 1950 with enough material to write a large size book on the history of the world. By merely glancing through his collection he could get all the historical facts right from the stamps.

Some of the recent events that took place in the last few years will show this to be true. For instance, only a short time ago Germany invaded and conquered Poland, and took over Danzig. Immediately stamps of Danzig appeared with the overprint "DEUTSCHES REICH," which every stamp collector knows means Germany. Less than a year before, Czechoslovakia was occupied by Germany and stamps of that country were overprinted "Slovensky stat 1939," which meant that Czechoslovakia was no longer a nation but a German Protectorate. A little later these stamps were superseded by new issues for Slovakia, Bohemia-Moravia, and Carpatho-Ukraine. These new issues showed what happened to Czechoslovakia; that it had been broken up into three different parts.

Historical incidents, other than changes of the map, made their recent appearances and stamp collectors all over the world are still clamoring to obtain the large number of sets issued to commemorate the Silver Jubilee of King George V and two years later the Coronation of King George VI. Every colony of Great Britain in every corner of the world, issued special sets of stamps for these two great events.

On the regular stamps of Great Britain for the years 1935-1937, the history of its kings is well portrayed for in 1935 George V is shown; in 1936 Edward VIII (Prince of Wales) who succeeded his father; and in 1937 to the present time, George VI, who succeeded after his brother abdicated.

Not only are battles, victories, rulers, etc., commemorated on stamps but the history of science, literature, arts, medicine, and the general good that Man does or creates. For instance, a new subway is built and a new set of stamps is issued. (Soviet Russia issued a set of four showing scenes of the newly completed subway.) A new dam or hydro-electric plant is built and a new issue appears to commemorate its completion. (Boulder Dam here in the United States), Shannon River Plant in Ireland; and the Negro River Plant in Uruguay.)

It is not difficult to realize that if one collected every stamp issued for the next 10 years a real large-sized history can be obtained from what is printed on them.

THE STORY OF THE STAMP

On June 12, 1939, the Post Office Department issued a new stamp to commemorate the 100th anniversary of our national pastime, Baseball. The first day of issue was in Cooperstown, N. Y., home of Major General Abner Doubleday, inventor of the game, who taught it to the boys of his home town while a cadet at West Point.

Quite a bit of controversy was expected over the design, as different groups of fans wanted their baseball idols pictured or remembered on the stamp. Some of those mentioned were Babe Ruth, Christy Mathewson, Ty Cobb, Walter Johnson and other famous players, but the wise old fellows of the Post Office displayed a great deal of judgment by showing the best type player of all, the American School Boy. To the school boy who makes this game popular, baseball means everything—for he puts his all in the game when he is playing it.

On the design are two boys' teams playing the game in a school playground with an American flag flying in the background. In the distance can be seen the schoolhouse and a church with a steeple.

The stamp is printed in purple and is identical in size to the current special delivery stamp. Figures on the exact number printed and issued are not known as yet but statistics issued by the Postmaster at Cooperstown show that 398,199 First Day covers were cancelled there on June 12, 1939. This will be one stamp to be found in most boys' stamp collections.

6 TRIANGLES BIG DIAMOND 5 AIRMAILS Also Big Packet of SCARCE stamps including U. S., rare BORNEO, SILVER JUBILEE, BELG. CONGO, DUTCH INDIES, SIAM, P. I., CUBA, CHINA, BRAZIL, many BRIT. COL., CHILE & MEXICO. 6c to approval applicants.

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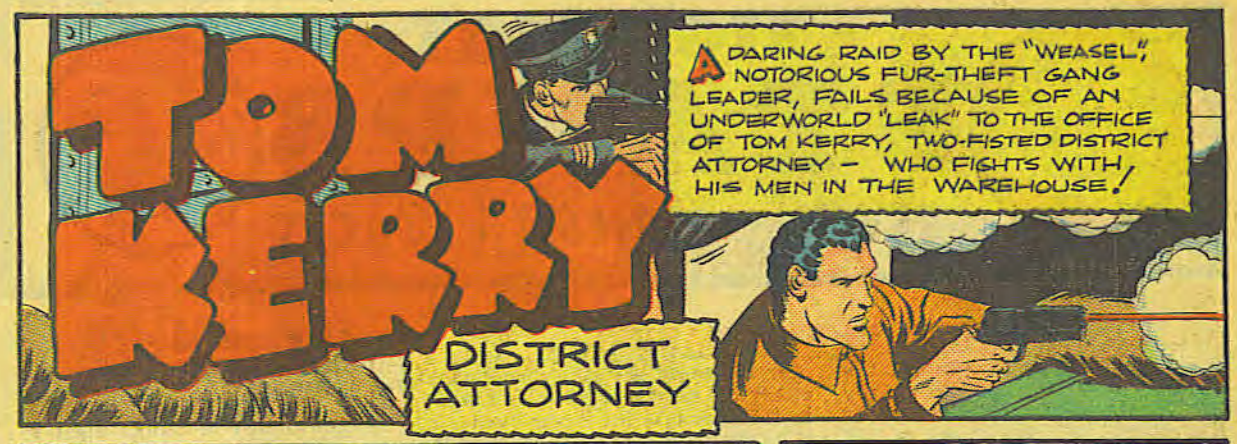
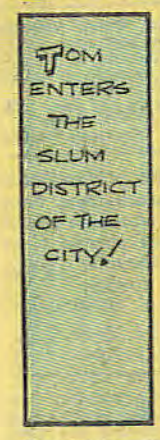
Don't fail to read every issue of BIG SHOT COMICS!

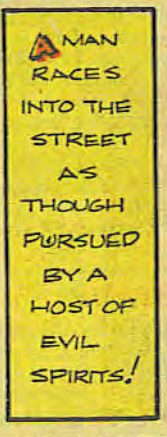

TOM KERRY
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
A DARING RAID BY THE "WEASEL", NOTORIOUS FUR-THEFT GANG LEADER, FAILS BECAUSE OF AN UNDERWORLD "LEAK" TO THE OFFICE OF TOM KERRY, TWO-FISTED DISTRICT ATTORNEY – WHO FIGHTS WITH HIS MEN IN THE WAREHOUSE!

THEY'RE SURRENDERIN', SIR!
OKAY, MAC! TAKE 'EM TO HEADQUARTERS! BUT I'VE A HUNCH THE "WEASEL" WON'T BE AMONG THEM!

I'VE GOT TO LAND HIM! HE'S BEEN GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER WITH HIS RAIDS ON THESE WAREHOUSES!


TOM ENTERS THE SLUM DISTRICT OF THE CITY!

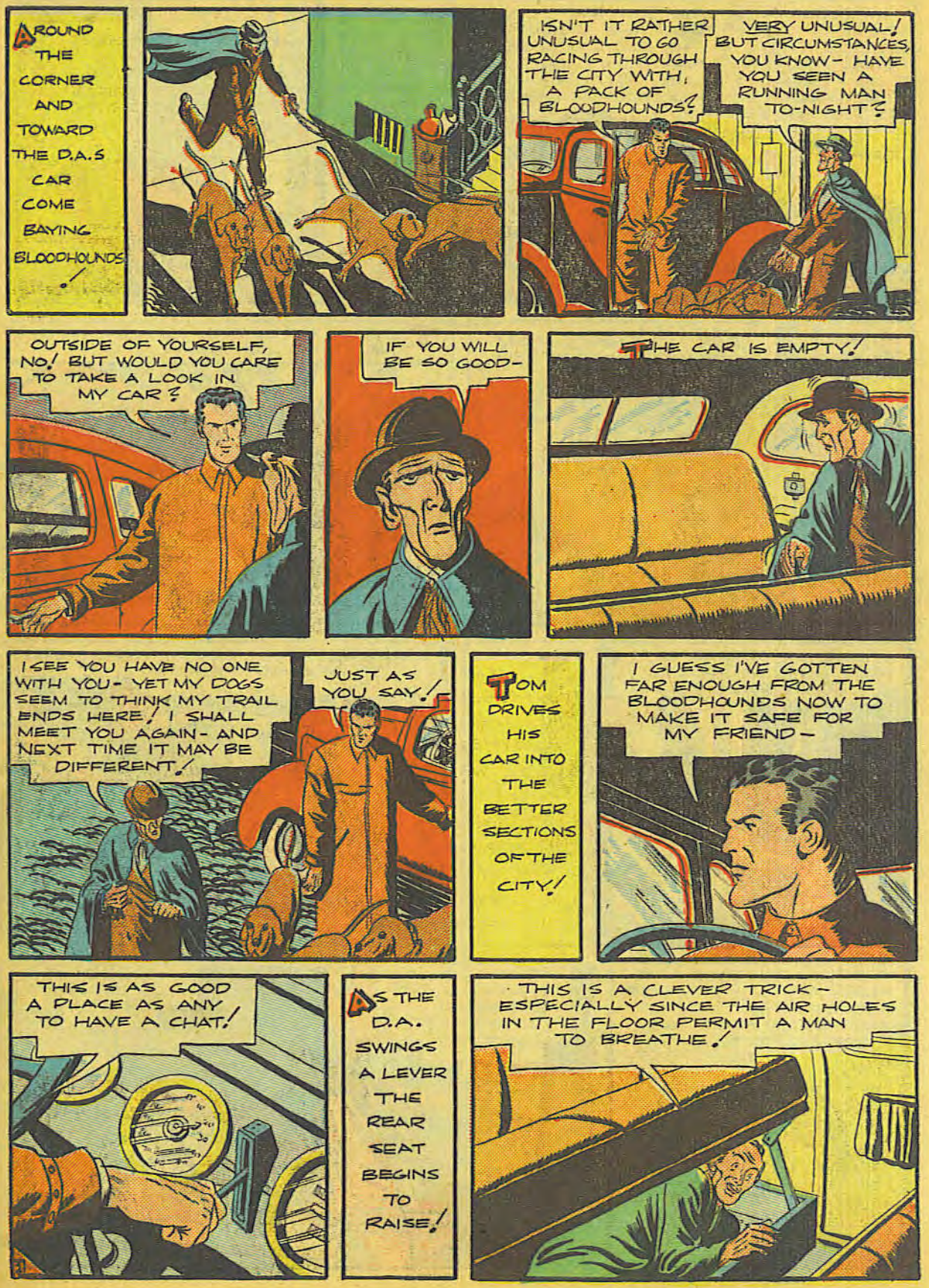
WHAT'S THAT?
TAILOR

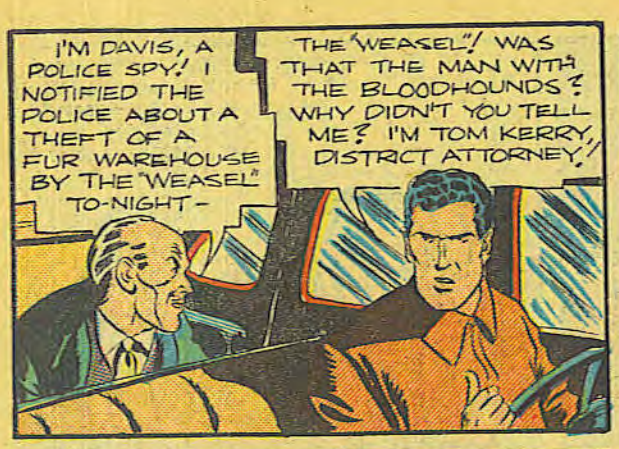

A MAN RACES INTO THE STREET AS THOUGH PURSUED BY A HOST OF EVIL SPIRITS!

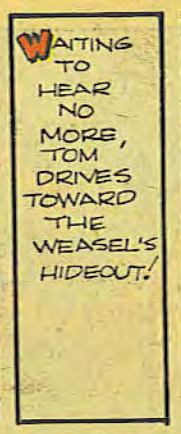
HELP! OH-HELP!

YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE ME, MISTER! YOU'VE – GOT TO!
ALL RIGHT. FOLLOW ME!

GET IN THAT REAR SEAT – AND KEEP QUIET!
O-OKAY, MISTER!


AROUND THE CORNER AND TOWARD THE D.A.'S CAR COME BAYING BLOODHOUNDS!
ISN'T IT RATHER UNUSUAL TO GO RACING THROUGH THE CITY WITH, A PACK OF BLOODHOUNDS?
VERY UNUSUAL! BUT CIRCUMSTANCES, YOU KNOW - HAVE YOU SEEN A RUNNING MAN TO-NIGHT?
OUTSIDE OF YOURSELF, NO! BUT WOULD YOU CARE TO TAKE A LOOK IN MY CAR?
IF YOU WILL BE SO GOOD-
THE CAR IS EMPTY!
I SEE YOU HAVE NO ONE WITH YOU - YET MY DOGS SEEM TO THINK MY TRAIL ENDS HERE! I SHALL MEET YOU AGAIN - AND NEXT TIME IT MAY BE DIFFERENT!
JUST AS YOU SAY!
TOM DRIVES HIS CAR INTO THE BETTER SECTIONS OF THE CITY!
I GUESS I'VE GOTTEN FAR ENOUGH FROM THE BLOODHOUNDS NOW TO MAKE IT SAFE FOR MY FRIEND -
THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO HAVE A CHAT!
AS THE D.A. SWINGS A LEVER THE REAR SEAT BEGINS TO RAISE!
THIS IS A CLEVER TRICK - ESPECIALLY SINCE THE AIR HOLES IN THE FLOOR PERMIT A MAN TO BREATHE!

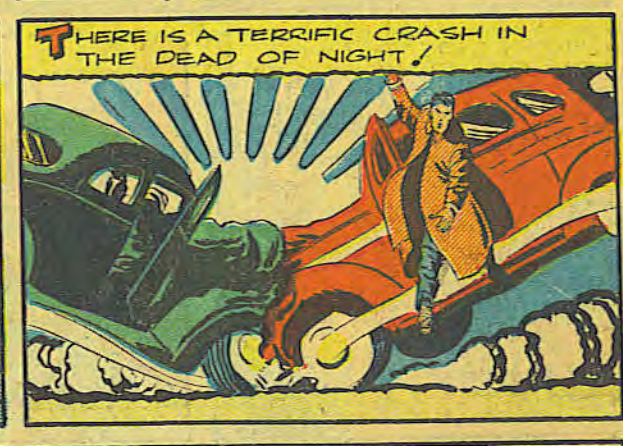

I'M DAVIS, A POLICE SPY! I NOTIFIED THE POLICE ABOUT A THEFT OF A FUR WAREHOUSE BY THE "WEASEL" TO-NIGHT -
THE "WEASEL"! WAS THAT THE MAN WITH THE BLOODHOUNDS? WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME? I'M TOM KERRY, DISTRICT ATTORNEY!


WAITING TO HEAR NO MORE, TOM DRIVES TOWARD THE WEASEL'S HIDEOUT!

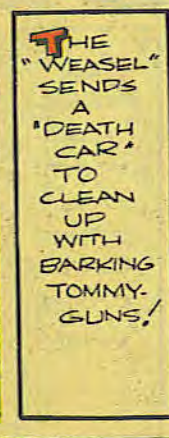
THIS WAY!

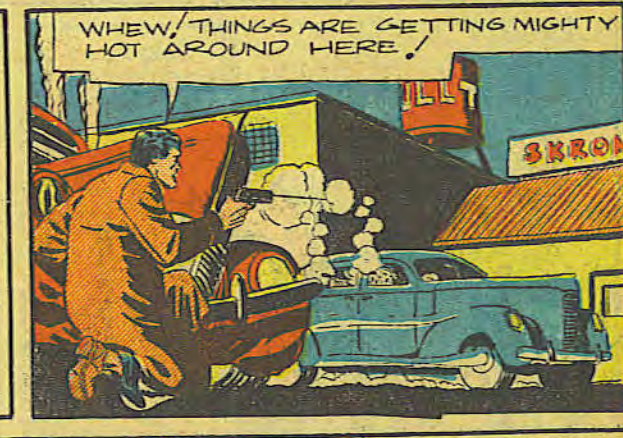
BUT THE "WEASEL" IS NOT IDLE— AND A PARKED CAR LURCHES FORWARD TO RAM THE D.A.'S CAR!

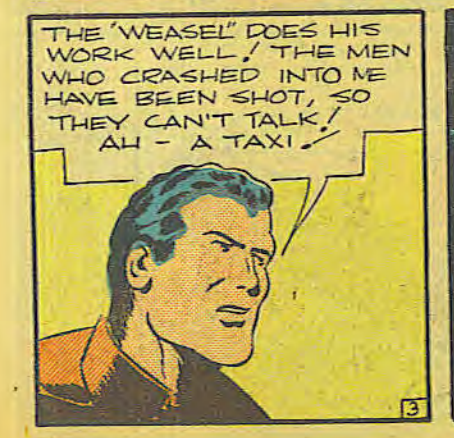
LOOK OUT!
THAT'S HIM! GIVE IT TO-

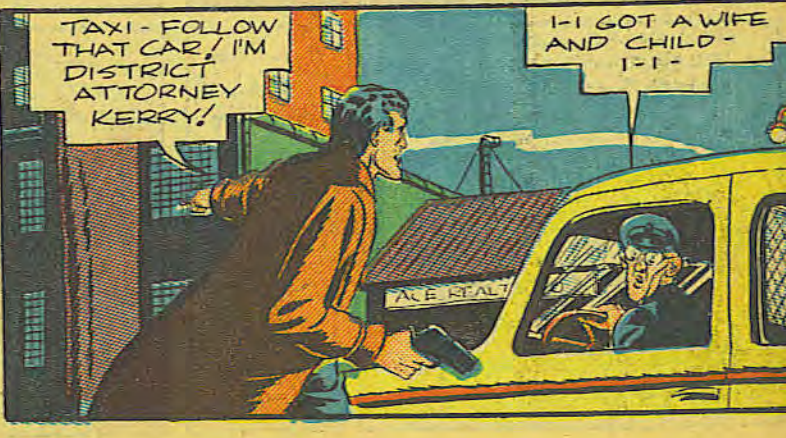

THERE IS A TERRIFIC CRASH IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT!

COME ON, YOU RATS! GET OUT OF THERE, DON'T FAKE!

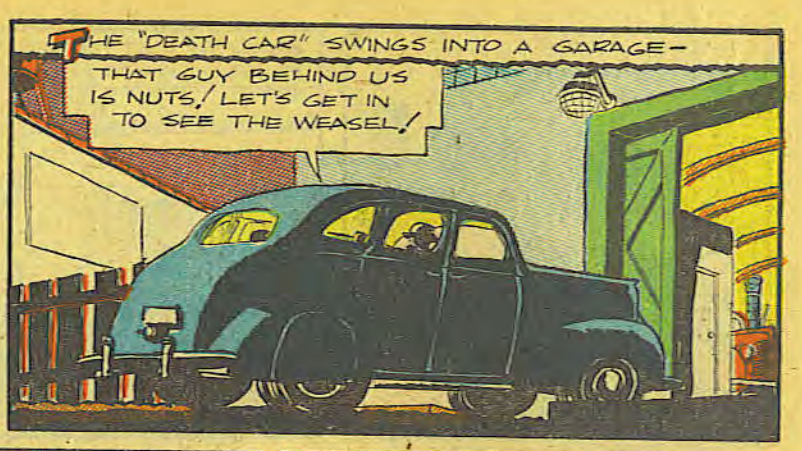

THE "WEASEL" SENDS A "DEATH CAR" TO CLEAN UP WITH BARKING TOMMY-GUNS!


WHEW! THINGS ARE GETTING MIGHTY HOT AROUND HERE!


THE "WEASEL" DOES HIS WORK WELL! THE MEN WHO CRASHED INTO ME HAVE BEEN SHOT, SO THEY CAN'T TALK! AH - A TAXI!


TAXI - FOLLOW THAT CAR! I'M DISTRICT ATTORNEY KERRY!
I-I GOT A WIFE AND CHILD - I-I -

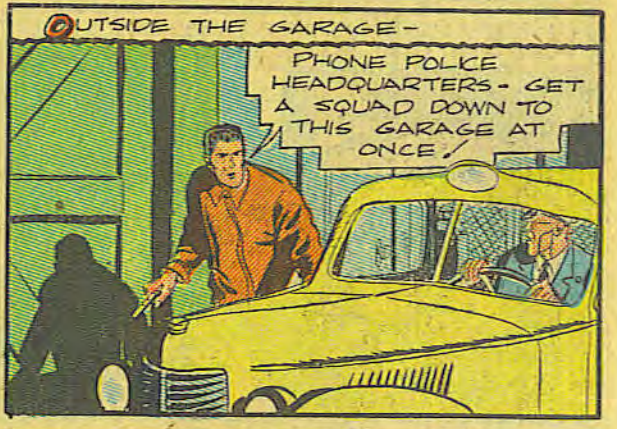
YOU'RE GAINING! KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!
YEAH - I'M GETTIN' NEARER TO THEIR BULLETS!


THE "DEATH CAR" SWINGS INTO A GARAGE-
THAT GUY BEHIND US IS NUTS! LET'S GET IN TO SEE THE WEASEL!

WELL, YOU IDIOTS, YOU'VE LED HIM RIGHT TO ME, HAVEN'T YOU?
HE'S ALONE, WEASEL! WE CAN RUB HIM OUT!

JUST 'RUB HIM OUT', EH? THAT SHOWS HOW MUCH BRAINS YOU HAVE! OH, GET AWAY, YOU FOOL!
GEE, BOSS-I-I-I

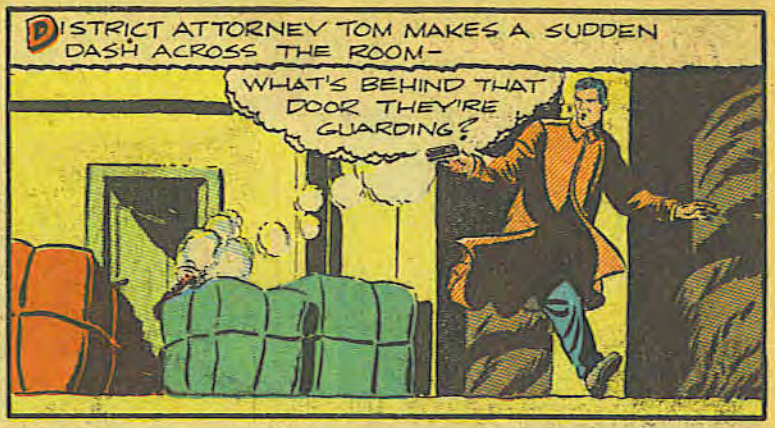
GET INSIDE, AND LEAVE TOM KERRY TO ME!
RIGHT, BOSS!


OUTSIDE THE GARAGE-
PHONE POLICE HEADQUARTERS - GET A SQUAD DOWN TO THIS GARAGE AT ONCE!

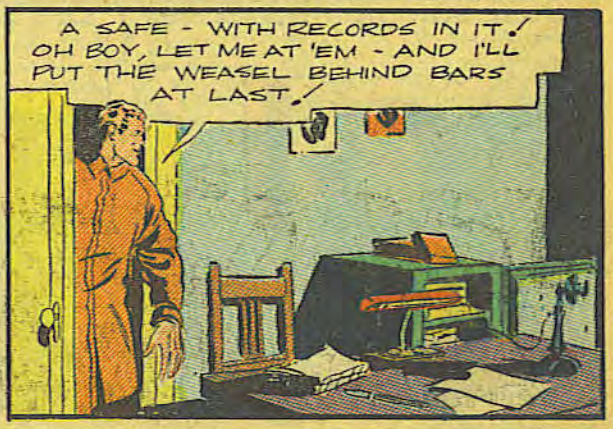
I'VE GOT TO SHOOT THIS LOCK THROUGH!

GONE, OF COURSE! I'LL HAVE TO SEARCH THE BUILDING TO CHECK ANY EVIDENCE THEY MAY HAVE LEFT!

THEY'RE STILL HERE - FIRING AT ME WITH TOMMY-GUNS AGAIN!


DISTRICT ATTORNEY TOM MAKES A SUDDEN DASH ACROSS THE ROOM -
WHAT'S BEHIND THAT DOOR THEY'RE GUARDING?

THIS DOOR MAKES A HANDY RETREAT IN CASE OF NEED! AND IF THEY HAVE ANYTHING HIDDEN HERE -

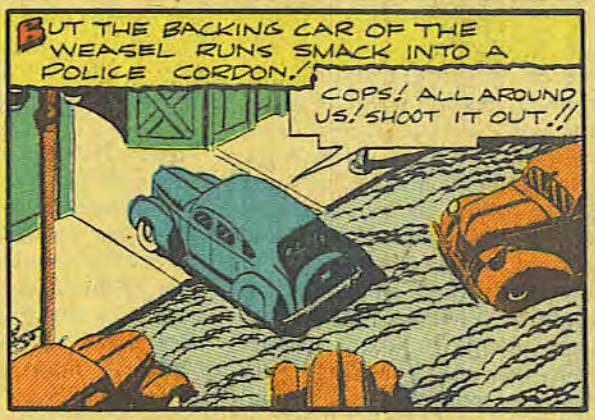

A SAFE - WITH RECORDS IN IT! OH BOY, LET ME AT 'EM - AND I'LL PUT THE WEASEL BEHIND BARS AT LAST!

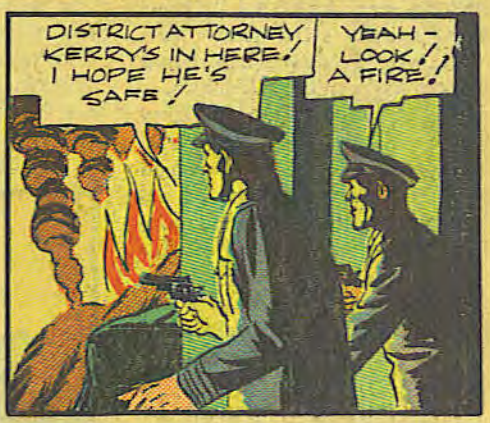
UNKNOWN TO TOM KERRY, EVIL EYES PEER AT HIM THROUGH A WALL PEEP-HOLE -
OKAY, RUNTY, LET 'EM GO IN A MINUTE!

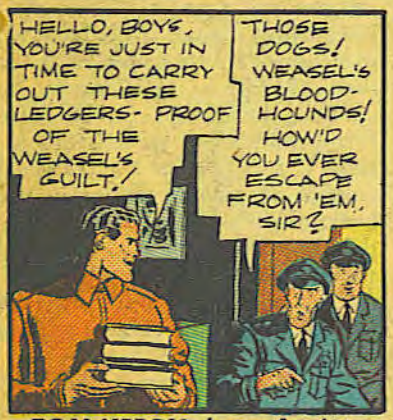
THE BLOOD-THIRSTY BLOOD-HOUNDS ARE TO BE LET LOOSE!

ONE OF THE DOGS SLIPS HIS LEASH AHEAD OF TIME!

THE UNEXPECTED ASSAULT SMASHES THE COURAGEOUS D.A. AGAINST THE DESK - WHERE HIS FINGERS FALL ON A KNIFE-LIKE LETTER-OPENER!







DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE! TOM KERRY ENCOUNTERS AND SOLVES A BAFFLING MYSTERY THAT TAKES PLACE IN THE HILLS OF TENNESSEE!

TOM KERRY, *the two-fisted District Attorney, battles Crime and Lawlessness in every issue of* **BIG SHOT COMICS!**

HEROES ARE BORN

by

Terry Keane

THE big, powerful fire-engines swung around the corner and roared past Tommy Clark as he peddled his bicycle back to Benson's grocery store. He held his breath with excitement as they thundered down the street, causing traffic to come to a halt. People turned and stared, and curious housewives lifted windows and leaned out, eager to follow the course of the glistening fire-fighting machines.

Tommy always experienced a tremendous thrill whenever he saw one of the huge, red engines and he secretly hoped that some day he, too, would be clinging to the side of one of them, racing madly to the rescue of hapless victims caught in a fierce fire. For it was Tommy's cherished ambition to become a fireman.

His eyes followed the speeding trucks as they screeched around another corner and disappeared from view. Heaving a sigh of patience and resignation, he continued down the street on his bicycle . . . and then suddenly he halted. "Golly, I don't hear the sirens from the engines! They must have stopped right around the corner!"

With feverish excitement he peddled for all he was worth and reaching the corner, he whistled around at a neck-breaking pace. Midway up the block he saw the engines and fire-fighting apparatus facing a five story tenement building. The lower portion of the structure was completely enveloped in flames that licked hungrily along the walls towards the upper floors and the roof. Clouds of dark smoke belched from the windows, casting a thick haze over the entire area. Already a wide circle of spectators had gathered around the building and the firemen had more than their share of trouble in trying to maneuver the ponderous trucks to convenient spots.

Tommy placed his bicycle against an iron fence and racing over to the ever-increasing crowd of on-lookers, wedged his way through to the front row. Tensely he watched the fire-fighters haul out lengths of heavy rubber hose and make it fast to a hydrant on the far side of the street. Two rubber-coated firemen grabbed the nozzle of the hose and dragged it as close as they could to the flaming tenement. A man at the hydrant opened the valve and within a few seconds a powerful stream of water shot from the nozzle. The pumps on the trucks gradually increased the pressure till the force of water ripped into the very heart of the inferno.

The hook and ladder crew, meanwhile, had backed their truck directly in front of the structure and raised the ladder a full four stories into the air. Gradually it was tilted until it rested on one of the window-sills on the top floor. Firemen with pick-axes and grappling irons scurried up the rungs and disappeared through the window. Presently one of the men reappeared, silhouetted in the window frame, and over his shoulder he carried the inert form of a woman.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Tommy, "That must be Mrs. Brady! I hope that fireman gets her down all right!"

Cautiously, the fireman backed onto the ladder and started to descend. Step by step he came down the rungs . . . one slight miscalculation would plunge them both to their deaths on the pavement below. But the fireman was experienced and level-headed, and within two minutes he reached the ground. Several other men relieved him of his burden and carried the unconscious Mrs. Brady to a waiting ambulance.

By this time the fire had eaten its way well into the second floor, despite the tons of water that were being poured on it from all directions. The fire chief and his men did all in their power to control the flames but the inferno roared and spread with satanic fury. The occasional rumble of falling timber in the heart of the building sent a shudder through Tommy as he stood there, wide-eyed and alert.

"Is everyone out of the house?" the fire chief inquired of one of his men.

"I believe they are, Chief," the other replied. "The men have

For the BEST in comic magazines,

tried to search every room . . . some they couldn't even get near, the flames were so bad!"

But were they all out of the building? Mentally, Tom counted off the names of the various families. He knew them all because of the numerous times he had delivered their grocery orders. There were the Johnsons, the Murphys and their children, the Nortons, Craigs and Bedfords . . . then Tom's heart skipped several beats!

"Little Ann Brady!" he thought. "Her mother was carried down the ladder, but I wonder where she is?" He looked up at the top floor of the flaming tenement and wondered if the five-year-old girl could actually be up there. The billowing clouds of smoke were so dense that he could barely make out the windows of the Brady apartment. And as he strained his eyes to pierce the blanket of choking smoke, the tiny figure of a child suddenly appeared at one of the windows.

Tommy blinked his eyes and gulped. "Little Ann . . . she's up there, all right . . . and nobody knows about it!"

TOMMY lost no time. He leaped forward into the cleared area and headed straight for the fire chief. But before he could reach him, the strong arm of a fireman reached out and stopped him in his tracks.

"Little Ann Brady's still in the building . . . on the top floor . . . you forgot all about her!" he shouted at the fireman. The terrific din of the pumping engines and the mighty roar of the fire

was deafening . . . and Tommy's shrill appeal was unheard.

The burly fireman shoved him back to the fire-lines with a brusque: "Better stand back, son, or you'll get hurt!"

Twice again he tried to tell the fireman, but each attempt was unsuccessful. Bitter tears of frustration welled in his eyes and his voice choked with remorse. He trembled with rage as he thought of little Ann's plight and with clenched fists he decided to take matters into his own hands.

With unbelievable speed, he darted forward toward the flame-covered building, eluding the restraining arms of the angry fireman in much the same manner as would an expert half-back in carrying the pigskin on a broken-field run. Back of him he heard the hoarse warnings of the firemen but he continued straight ahead and leaped down the steps into the basement. Many times he had come through this way to deliver orders and he knew of a stairway in the back that ran up the alley-end of the building.

The heat in the cellar was intense and the length of the passageway was literally one mass of flame. But Tommy took one deep breath, held it, and raced madly through the basement hall to the rear. He reached the foot of the stairway and found the fire had destroyed only a section of the steps. Taking them three at a time, he dashed up through the huge, licking tongues of flame. His face felt as if he had been horribly sunburned and the hot air he gulped all but seared his lungs.

He finally reached the top floor and stumbled down the hall to the Brady apartment. The closed door was red with fire but Tommy kicked and it collapsed inward. On the floor near the open window lay the motionless form of little Ann, obviously overcome by the heat and smoke.

Tommy rushed in and grasped the tiny girl in his arms. Then he retreated along the hallway to the ladder that rested against the skylight on the roof. There, he knew, was the only means of escape. Quickly he climbed the ladder, pushed open the skylight covering and clambered

onto the pebble-covered roof of the building.

With Ann in his arms he approached the edge and looked down. His sudden appearance caused a lusty cheer to ring from the milling crowd below. Tom felt a little weak and his head started spinning but he saw the firemen form a circle, each holding a section of a net. The fire chief cupped his hands around his mouth and shouted, and through the crackle and roar of the inferno Tommy faintly heard: "Jump, lad . . . jump . . ."

He felt extremely tired, but the words pounded through his brain. With the last ounce of his strength, he hugged little Ann tightly in his arms, stepped to the edge of the roof and leaped out into open space . . . after that he knew nothing more.

* * *

When he opened his eyes he found himself in bed in a white hospital room. By the side of the bed stood Mrs. Brady, the fire chief and a doctor. Mrs. Brady leaned forward and said: "Tommy, you were wonderful! You saved little Ann . . . and I just don't know how I can ever thank you!"

"Yes, Tommy, you were a real hero!" the fire chief added. "And in a few more years I'm going to see to it that there's a place for you in the Fire Department . . . with me!"

"Golly! That's the best reward I can think of," said Tommy. And though the bandages around his face were pretty tight, he smiled broadly and happily.

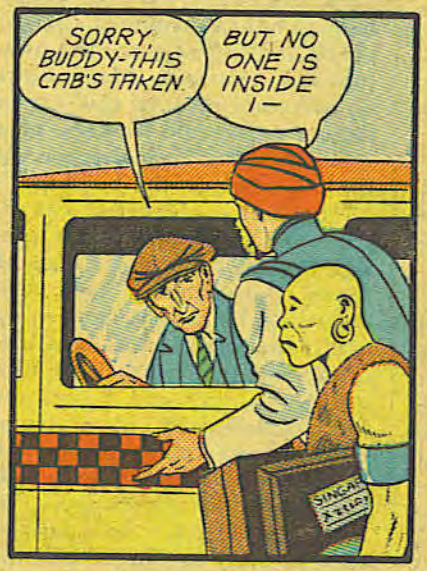
THE END

buy BIG SHOT COMICS!

MARVELO
MONARCH of MAGICIANS

by FRED GUARDINEER

MARVELO, THE MONARCH OF ALL MAGICIANS - HAS THROWN HIS DARKLY BLAZING EYES THAT GLEAM SO HYPNOTICALLY, HIS LEAN HANDS THAT MOVE WITH SUCH BLINDING SPEED, ALL OF HIS CONCENTRATED FORCE AND WILL - INTO THE ETERNAL STRUGGLE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL - FIGHTING ALWAYS FOR TRUE JUSTICE!



ALONE IN A STRANGE LAND, MARVELO FINDS A FRIEND !
COME ALONG WITH ME, BUDDY !
VERY WELL, BUT -

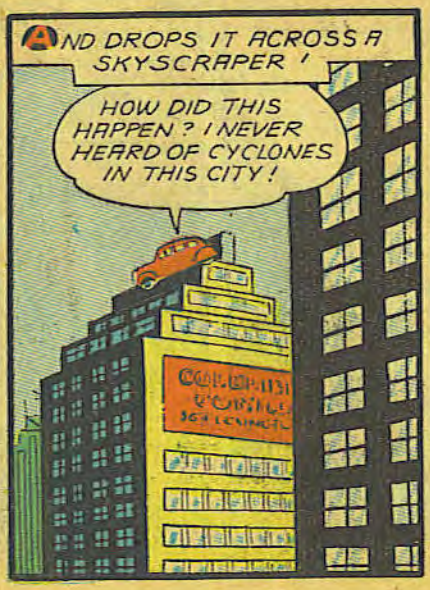
THAT WAS BIG SHOT BONNET AND HIS GUNMEN YOU HAD A RUN-IN WITH. HE'S JUST BACK FROM EUROPE - AND SWEARS TO BOSS THE TOWN ! YOU'D BETTER TAKE A TRAIN FOR CHICAGO !
BUT DO YOU LET GUNMEN RULE YOU HERE - PERHAPS I MAY HELP SOMEWHAT !

LOOK ! HE'S STARTED ALREADY ! SHOOTING DOWN HIS RIVAL GANGSTER !
I'LL STOP THAT !

MARVELO GESTURES - AND THE SUPPOSED VICTIM GOES UP IN A PUFF OF SMOKE !
HEY - HE'S BURNIN' UP ! I CAN'T SEE HIM NO MORE ! !

THERE'S THE GUY WHO TURNED US INTO PIGS ! LET'S GIVE IT TO HIM !
KALORA ! CYCLONE APPEAR !
L617

A CYCLONE SEIZES THE CAR OF THE GANGSTERS
SAY — WHAT THE - !


AND DROPS IT ACROSS A SKYSCRAPER !
HOW DID THIS HAPPEN ? I NEVER HEARD OF CYCLONES IN THIS CITY !

THAT OUGHT TO HOLD THEM FOR A WHILE ! NOW TELL ME, HOW IS IT THAT YOUR CITY IS UNDER A RULE OF TERROR ?
NO - BODY'S GOT THE NERVE TO STOP 'EM. IF YOU DO, BIG SHOT SENDS A COUPLE OF GUNMEN AROUND TO SEE YOU !

MARVELO DECIDES TO USE HIS GREAT FORCES FOR THE GOOD OF HIS FELLOW MEN -
ZEE, I'M GOING TO BE BUSY FOR A WHILE. GO TO THE ROOM YOU HIRED AND AWAIT ME !
YES MASTER !

AND SETS OUT IN SPIRIT TO FIND "BIG SHOT" BONNET —
BY MAGNETISM OF SPIRIT - I CAN FEEL THAT "BIG SHOT" ISN'T FAR AWAY !

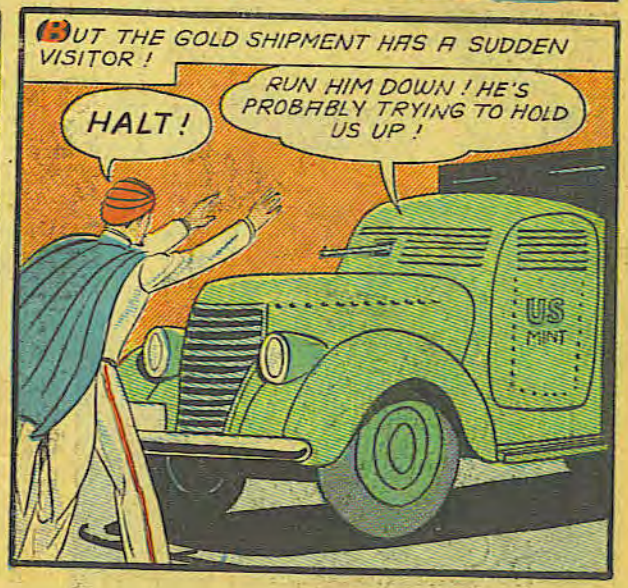
I'VE DECIDED THAT THE U.S. TREASURY WOULD NET ME A GOOD PROFIT ! LISTEN ! TO-NIGHT AT NINE O'CLOCK —

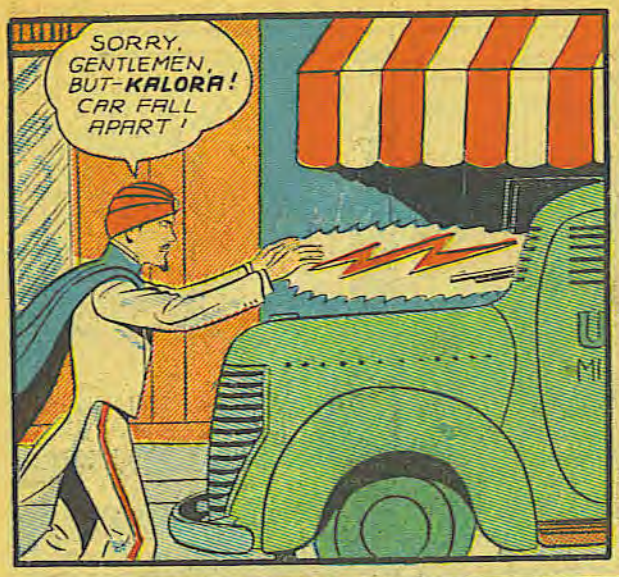
THE U.S. TREASURY - AT NINE O'CLOCK THAT NIGHT !

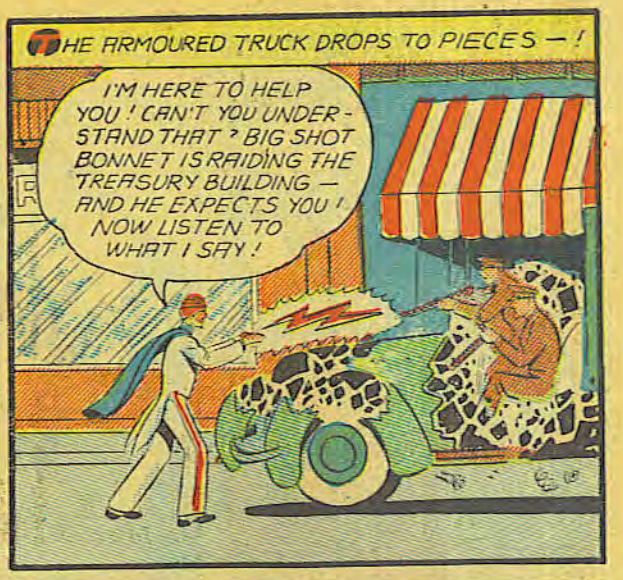
THE SECRET OF THE WHOLE THING IS - SURPRISE !

I - I THOUGHT YOU WERE - THE GOLD SHIPMENT !
SURE YOU DID - NOW, MOVE BACK !

THAT GOLD SHIPMENT OUGHT TO BE HERE SOON !

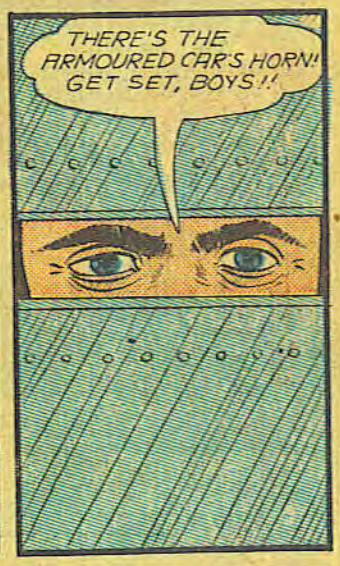

BUT THE GOLD SHIPMENT HAS A SUDDEN VISITOR !
HALT !
RUN HIM DOWN ! HE'S PROBABLY TRYING TO HOLD US UP !
US MINT


SORRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT-KALORA! CAR FALL APART!


THE ARMOURED TRUCK DROPS TO PIECES —!
I'M HERE TO HELP YOU! CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT? BIG SHOT BONNET IS RAIDING THE TREASURY BUILDING — AND HE EXPECTS YOU! NOW LISTEN TO WHAT I SAY!

WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO! SURE, GO AHEAD! WE ARE WITH YOU!
THANKS! NOW TAKE YOUR CAR BACK AGAIN! KALORA!

THE PARTS OF THE CAR BEGIN TO ASSEMBLE AGAIN!
THE ONLY THING "BIG SHOT" UNDERSTANDS IS-FEAR! AND FEAR HE SHALL KNOW!


THERE'S THE ARMOURED CAR'S HORN! GET SET, BOYS!!

ONTO THE TRAP ROLLS THE ARMOURED CAR CARRYING ITS GOLDEN WEALTH!
ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS! DROP YOUR GUNS AND COME OUT PEACEABLE!

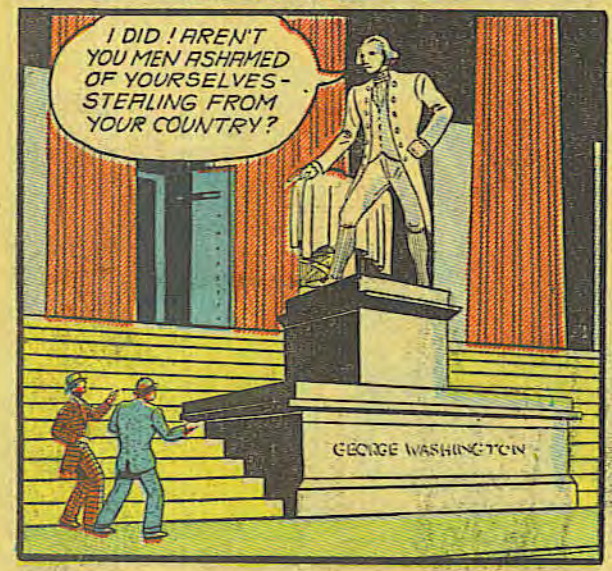
FROM THE TRUCK EMERGE-SKELETONS!
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN KILL THE DEAD?

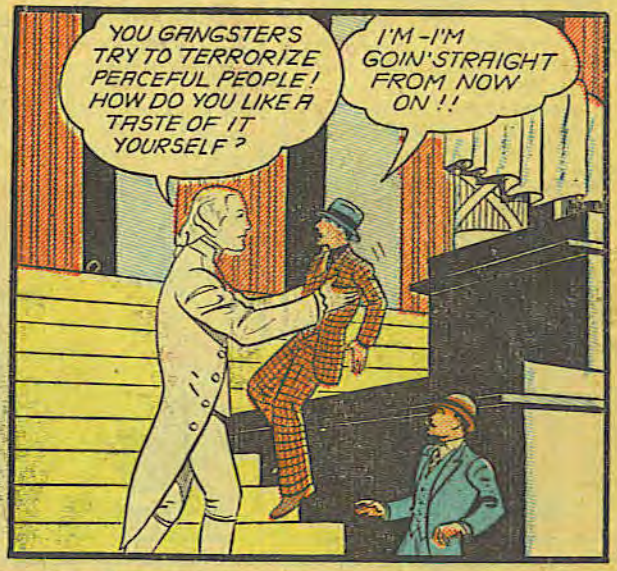
L-LINE UP! G-GET-GET THE-THE GOLD!

BOY, FEEL THE WEIGHT OF THIS GOLD!
SURE- GOLD IS HEAVY!
WHAT A HAUL!! WE'RE ALL MILLION-AIRES!

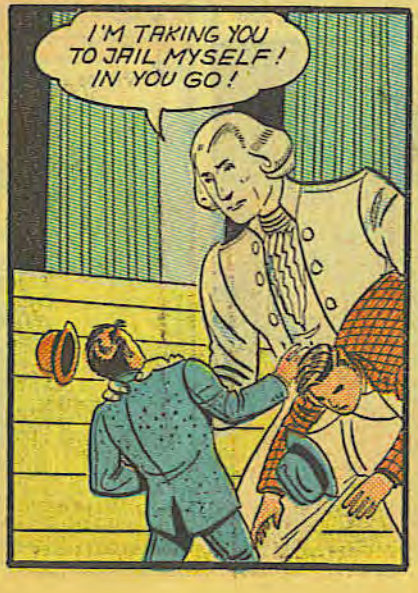
BUT INSTEAD OF GOLD-
GRAVESTONES! MY GRAVESTONE!.
HERE LIES BIGSHOT BONNET

THE GANGSTERS FLEE, PANIC-STRICKEN WHEN THEY HEAR A LOUD VOICE CALL TO THEM!
WHO SPOKE?


I DID! AREN'T YOU MEN ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES- STEALING FROM YOUR COUNTRY?
GEORGE WASHINGTON

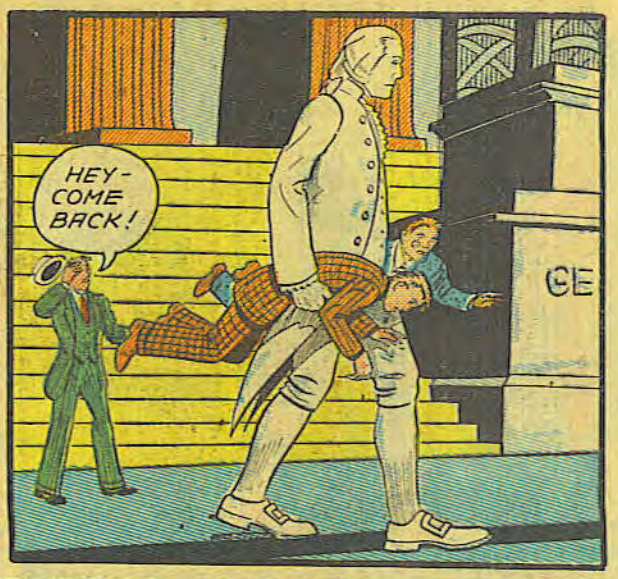

YOU GANGSTERS TRY TO TERRORIZE PEACEFUL PEOPLE! HOW DO YOU LIKE A TASTE OF IT YOURSELF?
I'M-I'M GOIN' STRAIGHT FROM NOW ON!!

I'M GOING TO HELP YOU, TOO!


I'M TAKING YOU TO JAIL MYSELF! IN YOU GO!

THE AUTHOR OF THESE WEIRD HAPPENINGS STANDS ACROSS THE STREET!
DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
I-I THINK SO!
I HAVE NOT FINISHED, GENTLEMEN. THESE BEASTS MUST BE TAUGHT A GOOD LESSON! NOW FOR "BIG SHOT" HIMSELF!

THE LAST TO LEAVE THE BUILDING IS "BIG SHOT"
GOOD-BYE, SIR. I'M TAKING YOUR HIRELINGS TO JAIL WHERE THEY BELONG!
YOU CAN'T DO THAT!
BET US OUT OF HERE, BOSS!


HEY- COME BACK!

FOLLOW ME. WE MUST BE ON HAND TO GET "BIG SHOT'S" CONFESSION WHEN HIS NERVE CRACKS!
UBWA

UNDER MARVELO'S INFLUENCE, "BIG SHOT" THINKS THAT HIS NICKEL IS MADE OF GOLD!
GOLD! A-A GOLD NICKEL! GEE, I CAN'T SPEND THAT!

BUT EVERYTHING HE TOUCHES BECOMES GOLD!
A GOLD TURNSTILE!
SMOK

AND A GOLD FLOOR! MY GOSH- I'VE GOT TO TAKE THAT ALONG!
6

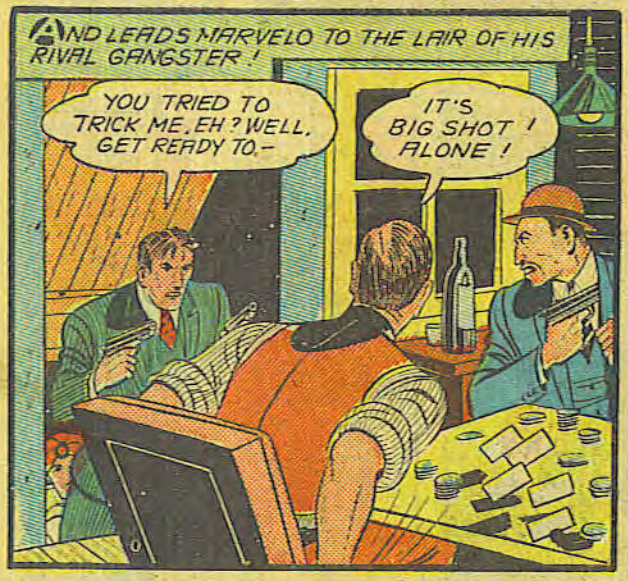
FINDING A PICK, "BIG SHOT" BEGINS TO DIG-
A FLOOR OF SOLID GOLD. I'LL BE WEALTHY- WEALTHY!!

HEY, DOPE, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF TEARING UP THE FLOOR?
IT'S GOLD! A GOLD FLOOR- DON'T YOU SEE- WE'LL BOTH DIG! COME ON!

BIG SHOT LOOKS AGAIN — AND SEES ONLY CEMENT!
ARE YOU NUTS?
IT-IT'S GONE! THE GOLD IS GONE!

THIS IS MY RIVAL'S WORK! I'LL GET HIM FOR PLAYIN' TRICKS ON ME!
COME ON! HE'S LEADING US TO THE OTHER GANG LEADER! KALORA- MOVE FASTER!
EXIT
CHEW CUT PLUG

BIG SHOT MOVES AS WITH WINGED FEET -
GEE, I'M MOVIN' FAST! THIS IS BETTER THAN RIDIN' IN A CAR!


AND LEADS MARVELO TO THE LAIR OF HIS RIVAL GANGSTER!
YOU TRIED TO TRICK ME, EH? WELL, GET READY TO-
IT'S BIG SHOT! ALONE!

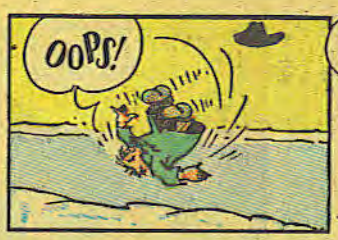
KALORA! GUNS BECOME SPONGY!

HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY GUN?
AND MINE!

DID YOU HAVE ANY-THING TO DO WITH THAT GOLD FLOOR- AND THE STATUE?
WHO-ME? I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

I AM THE AUTHOR OF THOSE LITTLE FEATS OF MAGIC! I WANT YOU BOTH TO CONFESS YOUR MIS-DEEDS AND GO TO JAIL WILL YOU?
DO YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR?
LET'S GIVE HIM A GOING OVER!

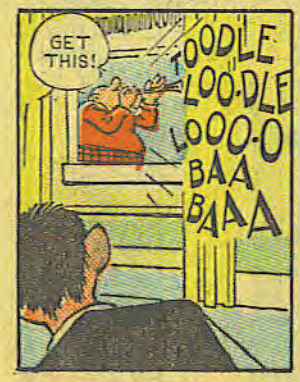
MARVELO *will amaze and mystify you by his feats of magic every month in* **BIG SHOT COMICS!**

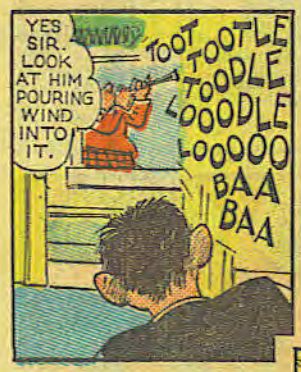


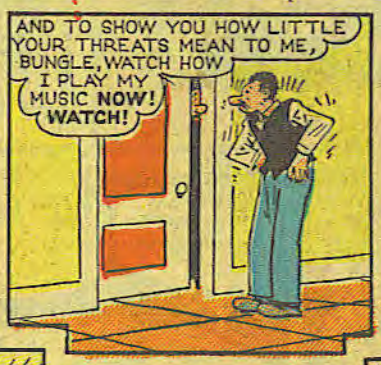
THE BUNGLE FAMILY

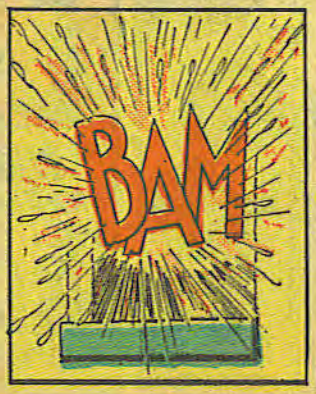
A TOUCH OF PACIFISM

By H. J. TUTHILL





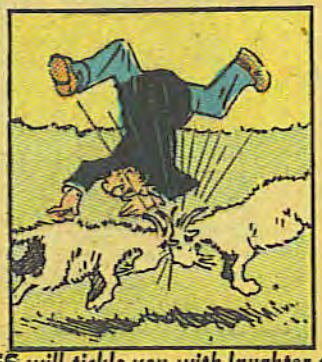




THE BUNGLE FAMILY

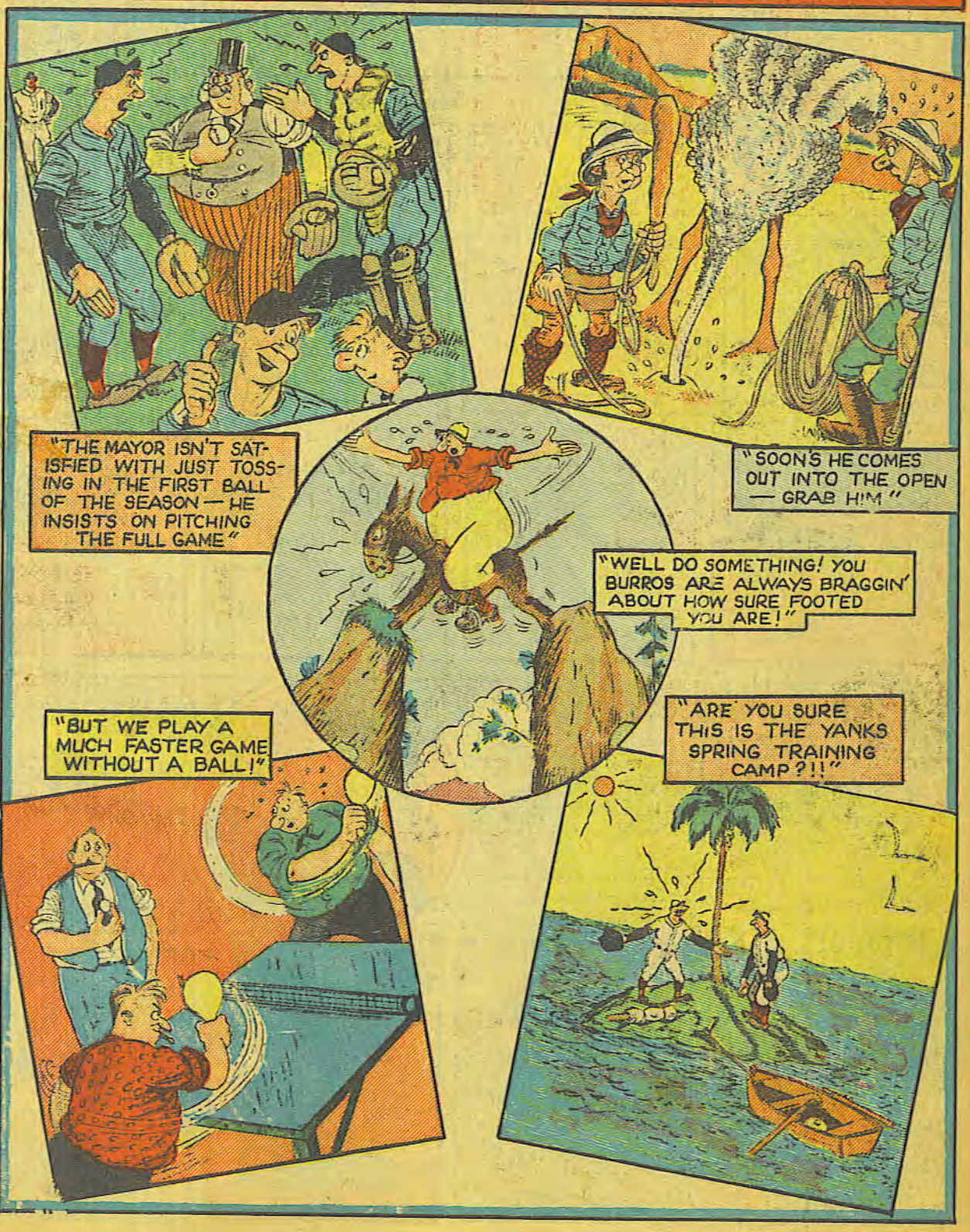
HAPPY ENDING

By H. J. TUTHILL



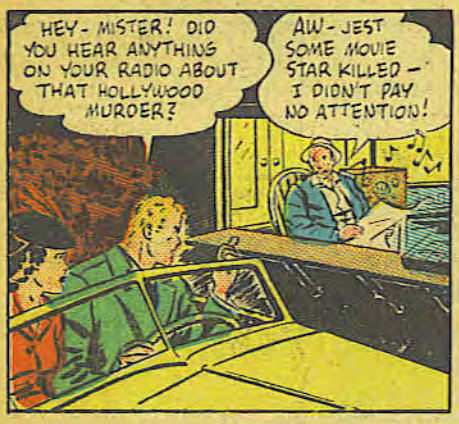
THE BUNGLES *will tickle you with laughter every month in* **BIG SHOT COMICS!**

OFF SIDE ~ BY Jo Metzer



CHARLIE CHAN

by Alfred Andriola



NEXT MORNING

WHAT CHARLIE CHAN READ

THE STARTLING MURDER OF NORDA NOLL, FAMED HOLLYWOOD STAR, IS RECREATED AS CHARLIE, KIRK AND GINA DEVOUR THE MORNING PAPERS —
THE CLIMACTIC SCENE OF THE SUPER SPY PICTURE, "SHADOW DEVILS" WAS BEING FILMED ON THE PREMIER PRODUCTIONS LOT... NORDA NOLL IN THE ROLE OF KARMA, WAS PLAYING OPPOSITE LUGO MANCE...
YOU ARE RIGHT, COLONEL! I AM A SPY —
YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO SPIES! AS SOON AS MY TROOPS ENTER THE COURT-YARD —
HA, I DID MY JOB WELL, COLONEL! IN A MOMENT, WHEN YOUR MEN CROSS THE BRIDGE TO THE COURT YARD, A SECRET MINE WILL BLOW THEM TO BITS! LISTEN —!
BUT AS THE MINE EXPLODED SOMETHING HAPPENED WHICH WAS NOT IN THE SCRIPT! NORDA NOLL FELL DEAD — SHOT THROUGH THE HEART BY A PHANTOM BULLET...
WHY SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL A BEAUTIFUL CREATURE LIKE NORDA NOLL?
PSST — Y' KNOW WHAT? I THINK SOME DAME DID IT —
I HEAR THIS NORDA COLLECTED GUYS LIKE THEY WAS STAMPS — AN' SOME DAME WHOSE BOY FRIEND SHE STOLE WAS BOUND T' GET SORE —
VERY SMART BOY! SHOULD BE DETECTIVE!
ME? NOPE! DETECTIVES 'R' DOPE! WHAT I WANNA BE IS A SPY! SPIES MAKE TH' REAL DOUGH!
IT'S NOT SEVEN YET! WE CAN GET TO A HOTEL AND GRAB SOME SLEEP!
SLOW DOWN, KIRK! SOMEBODY FOLLOWS US!
LATER
PULL OVER!
I THOUGHT SO! CHARLIE CHAN! AN' KIRK AN' LITTLE BEAUTIFUL!
HAH! OUR OLD FRIEND-DETECTIVE CASEY!
TH' CASE HAS GOT US ALL TIED IN A KNOT! EVERY-BODY'S BEEN SAYIN', 'IF ONLY CHARLIE CHAN WERE HERE!'
AN' S' HELP ME — HERE Y'ARE! PUT YER FOOT ON TH' GAS, KIRK M' PAL, AN' FOLLOW ME! THERE'S WORK FER YOU, INSPECTOR CHAN!

YOU PLAY JOKE, DETECTIVE CASEY? THIS LOOKS LIKE MONASTERY —

HA! HA! HA! NO- IT IS KORNWELLER'S ESTATE! LIKE A LOT O' HOLLYWOOD MAGNATES, HE'S GOT ODD IDEAS!

INSPECTOR CHAN? WHAT A RELIEF! I HAVEN'T SLEPT A WINK! THAT HORRIBLE MURDER! IT REEKS THROUGH MY BRAIN! I-I —

YOUR EGG, SIR! EXACTLY TWO MINUTES, THIRTY SECONDS!

OUT OF A WHOLE WORLD- THIS HAPPENS TO ME! FIVE MILLION DOLLARS I'VE INVESTED ON 'SHADOW DEVILS' ANYWAY, A MILLION AND A HALF —AND THEN, "BOOM!"—ON ME THEY PUT THE JINX!

YOU SUSPECT SOME ONE?

SURE! WHEN YOU MAKE A COLOSSAL PICTURE LIKE THIS ABOUT SPIES, CROOKS YOU CAN SUSPECT ANYBODY!

SO LOOK WHAT HAPPENS - NORDA NOLL GETS SHOT! WHO KNOWS? MAYBE HER OWN ENEMIES DID IT! SHE HAD PLENTY! WHAT A WOMAN! THAT WE SHOULD HAVE TO GET MIXED UP WITH HER!

HAH! YOU DID NOT LIKE NORDA NOLL?

LIKE HER? SHE WAS ONE BIG HEADACHE! WAS SHE EVER SATISFIED? NO! ALWAYS MORE MONEY SHE WANTS - ALWAYS ADVANCES ON HER SALARY - SHE OWES ME PLENTY!

THEN WHY DID YOU PICK HER FOR THE PART?

DID I PICK HER? DEE LORING I WANTED - THAT'S MY IDEA OF AN ACTRESS!

SHE GETS SICK, THAT'S ALL! HOW DO I KNOW HOW? YOU'RE THE DETECTIVE! AND CASEY IS A DETECTIVE! AND MR. BARROW! THREE DETECTIVES - AND YOU ASK ME WHY THERE'S A JINX ON MY PICTURE!

IN THE SECLUSION OF KORNWELLERS LIBRARY, CHARLIE CHAN PORES OVER MOVIE MAGAZINES, GOSSIP COLUMNS AND TRADE NEWSPAPERS, AS HIS EAGLE EYE GLEANS SCRAPS OF INFORMATION...

Lugo Manoe and Norda Noll are burning . . . and "Lucky" Norton is burning up . . .

Lugo Manoe will speed to Europe after collecting for making "Shadow Devils." Why?

Lugo Manoe and Van Carr have had a run of picking the right horses at the track.

HI, CHARLIE! BUSY?

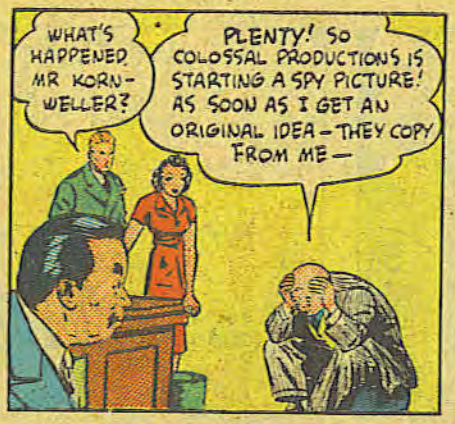
AH! DEEP IN MOVIE GOSSIP!

GOSSIP SOMETIMES TELLS TRUTH! WOULD LIKE TO KNOW MORE OF THIS DEE LORING!

CHARLIE! YOU DON'T THINK DEE LORING HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH NORDA NOLL'S MURDER?

HA! THAT IS BIG CONCLUSION! AM INTERESTED ONLY IN ILLNESS OF MISS LORING!

INSPECTOR CHAN! ALL OVER I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU! HAVE I GOT TROUBLES! HAVE I GOT WORRIES!


WHAT'S HAPPENED MR KORNWELLER?
PLENTY! SO COLOSSAL PRODUCTIONS IS STARTING A SPY PICTURE! AS SOON AS I GET AN ORIGINAL IDEA – THEY COPY FROM ME –

AND OH! OH! IF THEY RELEASE THEIR SPY PICTURE FIRST, I'LL BE RUINED! FIVE MILLION DOLLARS "SHADOW DEVILS" COSTS ME – AND IT WON'T BE WORTH A NICKEL!

WELL – WHY DON'T YOU RE-SHOOT THE SCENES NORDA NOLL WAS IN – YOU HAVE THE JUMP ON COLOSSAL!
YOU'RE A POSITIVE GENIUS! BUT NOBODY WILL PLAY THE PART! THEY SAY IT'S JINXED! CAN I PLAY A BEAUTIFUL SPY MYSELF? CAN YOU?

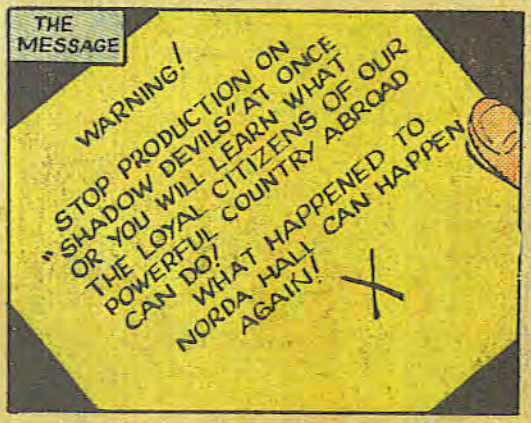
CAN YOU – ??

I? TAKE NORDA NOLL'S PLACE? I? BUT I'VE HARDLY ANY EXPERIENCE!

EXPERIENCE? POOH! ALL YOU GOT TO DO IS TO ACT LIKE WE TELL YOU! WE SAY "SPY" AND YOU SPY! YOU WILL PLAY KARMA!

SO THAT'S SETTLED! THANK GOODNESS!
BUT IS IT SETTLED? HOWEVER KORNWELLER BEGINS RETAKES ON "SHADOW DEVILS"...

NOW DON'T BE SCARED, NOBODY! I GOT THE STUDIO CLOSED UP LIKE A JAIL – GUARDS, DETECTIVES WATCHING EVERWHERE! INSPECTOR CHAN IS HERE –
MESSAGE FOR YOU, SIR!


THE MESSAGE
WARNING! STOP PRODUCTION ON "SHADOW DEVILS" AT ONCE OR YOU WILL LEARN WHAT THE LOYAL CITIZENS OF OUR POWERFUL COUNTRY ABROAD CAN DO! WHAT HAPPENED TO NORDA HALL CAN HAPPEN AGAIN!

MISS LANE – DON'T WORRY! LET ME WORRY FOR YOU! AS KARMA YOU WILL BE A SENSATION!
YEAH! IF SHE EVER FINISHES THE PART!

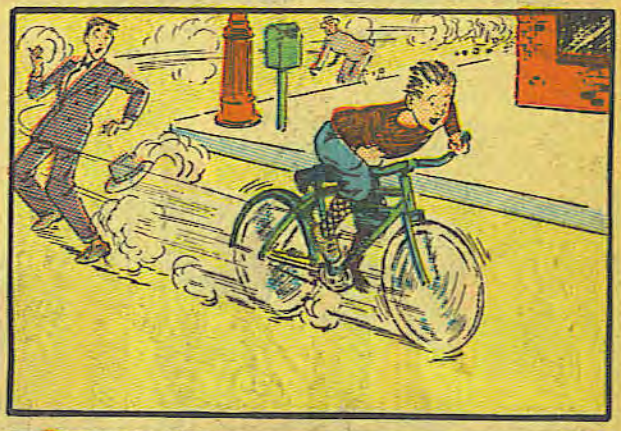
ALL RIGHT, MR. MANCE! ONCE MORE AGAIN! YOU ARE WOUNDED! MISS LANE IS –

Read CHARLIE CHAN'S *adventures in each issue of* BIG SHOT COMICS!

JIBBY JONES

GORSH, PA, LOOKIE! A SWELL B-FLAT CORNET FOR ONLY A DOLLAR!
AS I RECALL, JIBBY. YOU'VE SPENT YOUR ALLOWANCE, IF YOU REALLY WANT IT, WHY DON'T YOU WORK AND EARN THE MONEY TO BUY IT?

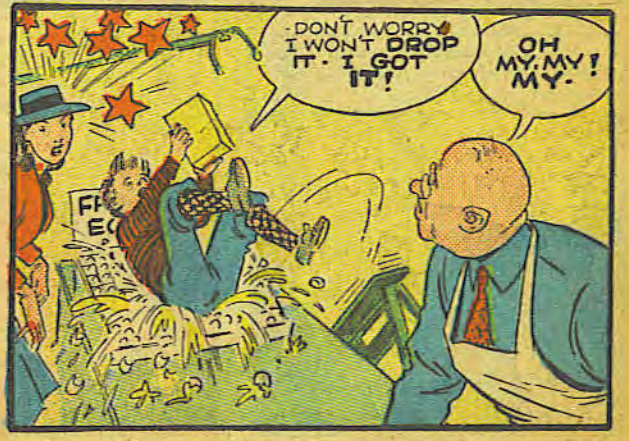
WOW! THAT'S AN IDEA, I'LL GET A JOB AND EARN THE MONEY!
HUH?

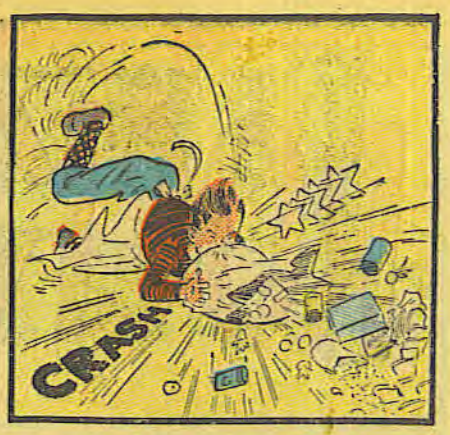


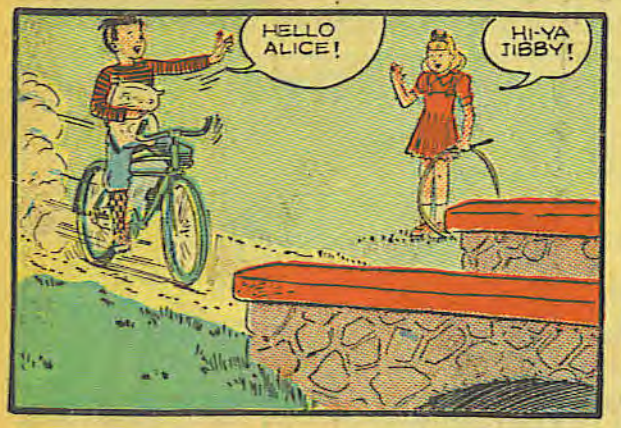
YOU WANT TO WORK EH! OKAY, YOU START RIGHT NOW!
GEE! THANKS, MR. BOPPIN'S
21
15

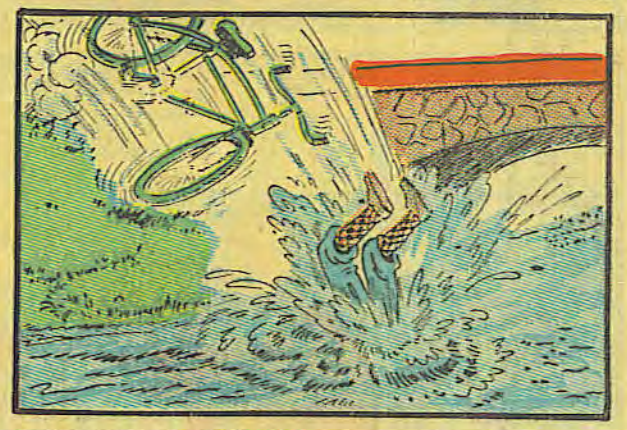
NOW, YOU'RE AN A-1 GROCER.
PSTT- CAN I WAIT ON MRS. JUSTWED, HUH?

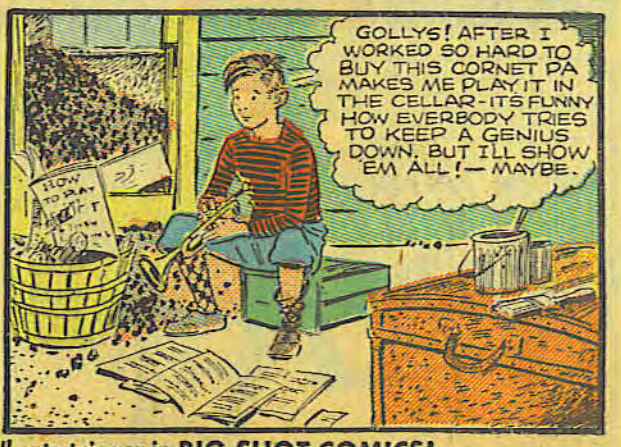
OH! OH!
RESH
EGGS


-DON'T WORRY I WON'T DROP IT - I GOT IT!
OH MY, MY! MY-







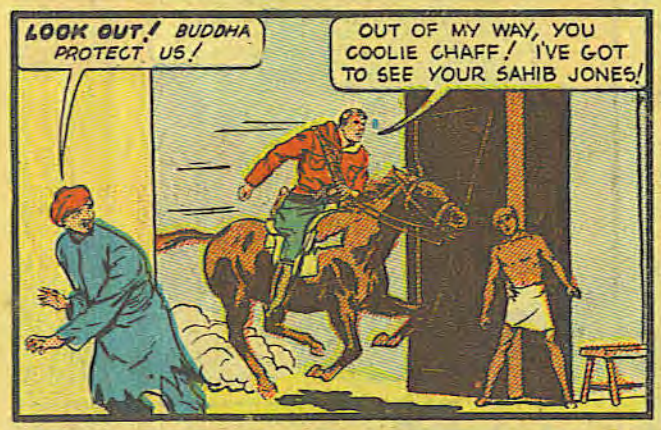


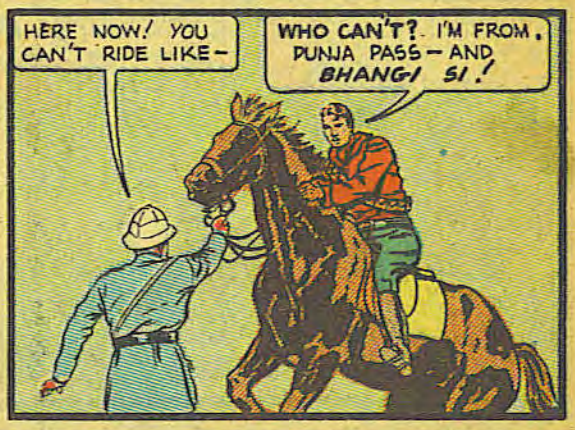
JIBBY JONES, *the typical American boy, will entertain you in* **BIG SHOT COMICS!**

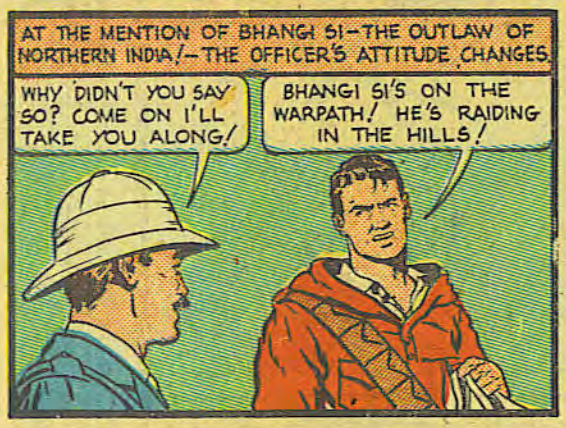
ROCKY RYAN

·WORLD ADVENTURER·

INTO THE BRITISH FORT AT BUNNU ON THE NORTHERN FRONT OF A TURBULENT INDIA RIDES A LONE TRAVELLER ON A FOAM-FLECKED HORSE, A FREE-LANCE ADVENTURER, A MAN THAT FIGHTS WITH A GRIM SMILE, A MAN THAT LIVES AND BREATHES ACTION AND DAILY STRIFE, ROCKY RYAN..

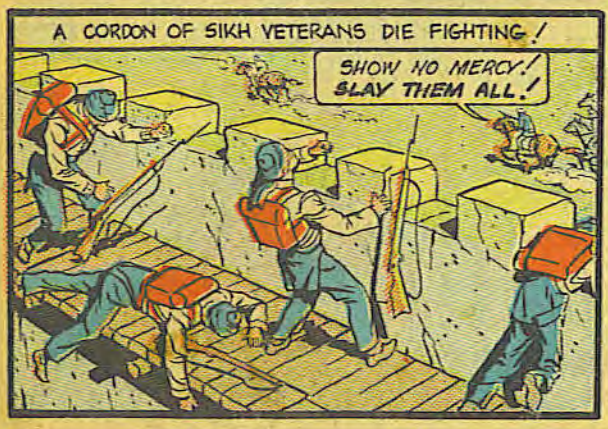


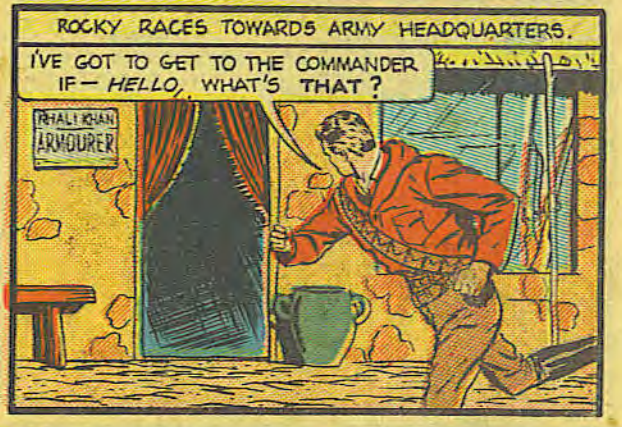


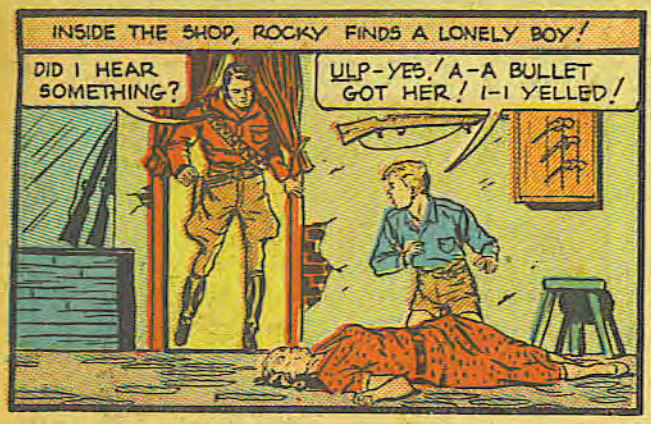


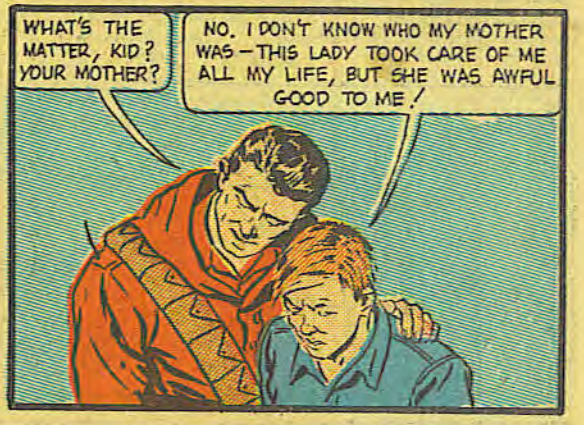
BHANGI SI ATTACKS BUNNU.!!
KILL THE UNBELIEVERS! KILL! KILL!

THREE HOURS OF SOLID FIGHTING! BHANGA SI WILL WIN OUT IN A SHORT WHILE AT THIS RATE —

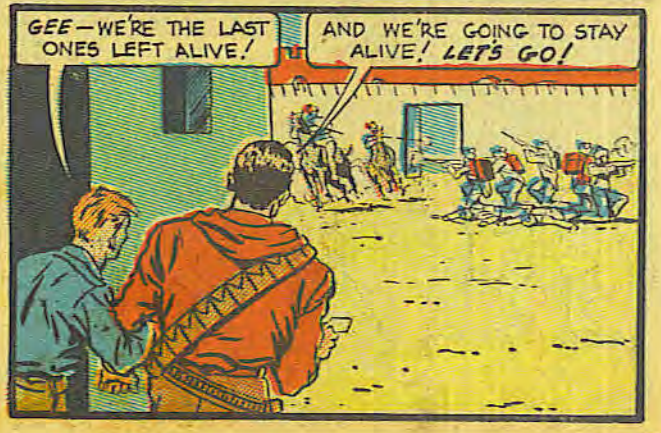

A CORDON OF SIKH VETERANS DIE FIGHTING!
SHOW NO MERCY! SLAY THEM ALL!


ROCKY RACES TOWARDS ARMY HEADQUARTERS.
I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE COMMANDER IF — HELLO, WHAT'S THAT?
RHALI KHAN ARMOURER

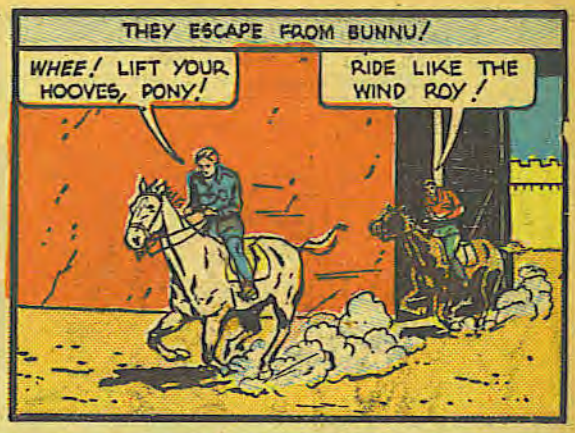

INSIDE THE SHOP, ROCKY FINDS A LONELY BOY!
DID I HEAR SOMETHING?
ULP-YES! A-A BULLET GOT HER! I-I YELLED!

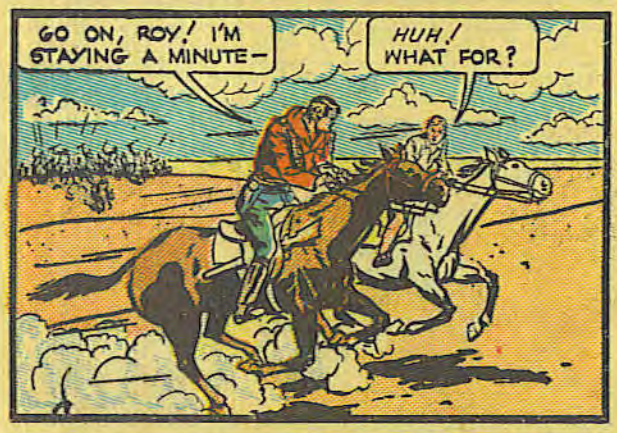

WHAT'S THE MATTER, KID? YOUR MOTHER?
NO. I DON'T KNOW WHO MY MOTHER WAS — THIS LADY TOOK CARE OF ME ALL MY LIFE, BUT SHE WAS AWFUL GOOD TO ME!

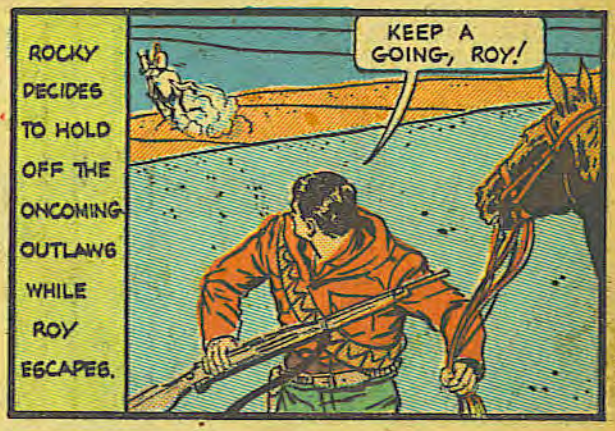
LET'S YOU AND ROCKY RYAN BE PARTNERS! WHAT SAY?
SWELL! I'M ROY! I HAVE NO LAST NAME...


GEE — WE'RE THE LAST ONES LEFT ALIVE!
AND WE'RE GOING TO STAY ALIVE! LET'S GO!

RIDE, ROY! I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A JIFFY!
HERE THEY COME!

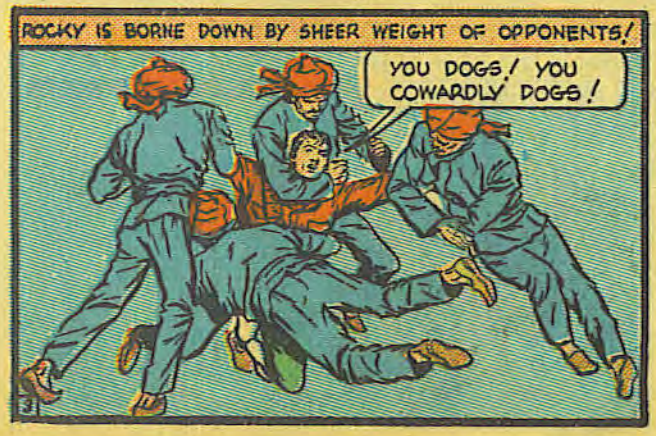

THEY ESCAPE FROM BUNNU!
WHEE! LIFT YOUR HOOVES, PONY!
RIDE LIKE THE WIND ROY!

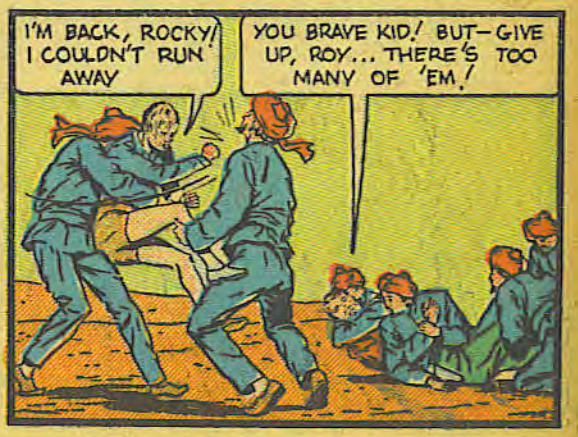

GO ON, ROY! I'M STAYING A MINUTE—
HUH! WHAT FOR?


ROCKY DECIDES TO HOLD OFF THE ONCOMING OUTLAWS WHILE ROY ESCAPES.
KEEP A GOING, ROY!

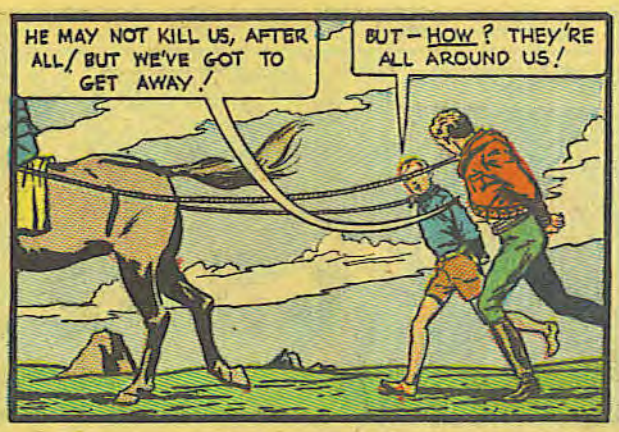
YOU'LL PAY, YOU SONS OF SATAN!
YI-HAI! YI-HAI! SLAY THE INFIDEL!

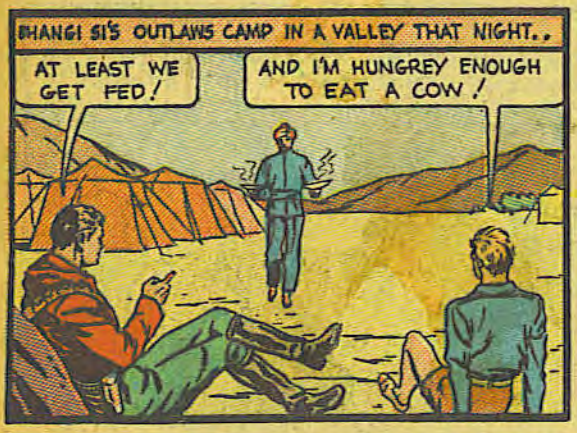
DARK EYES NOTE THE DELIBERATE SACRIFICE—
TAKE THE 'PEI-MAKHE HALAK' AND THE OTHER—ALIVE!


ROCKY IS BORNE DOWN BY SHEER WEIGHT OF OPPONENTS!
YOU DOGS! YOU COWARDLY DOGS!


I'M BACK, ROCKY! I COULDN'T RUN AWAY
YOU BRAVE KID! BUT—GIVE UP, ROY... THERE'S TOO MANY OF 'EM!

I AM BHANGA SI. I SAW YOU SACRIFICE YOURSELVES FOR EACH OTHER. WE GO TO AGRO, AND YOU COME WITH US!


HE MAY NOT KILL US, AFTER ALL/ BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!
BUT – HOW? THEY'RE ALL AROUND US!


BHANGI SI'S OUTLAWS CAMP IN A VALLEY THAT NIGHT..
AT LEAST WE GET FED!
AND I'M HUNGREY ENOUGH TO EAT A COW!

I DON'T EAT WITH MY FINGERS! GIVE US KNIFES!
NO KNIFES! NO! NO!

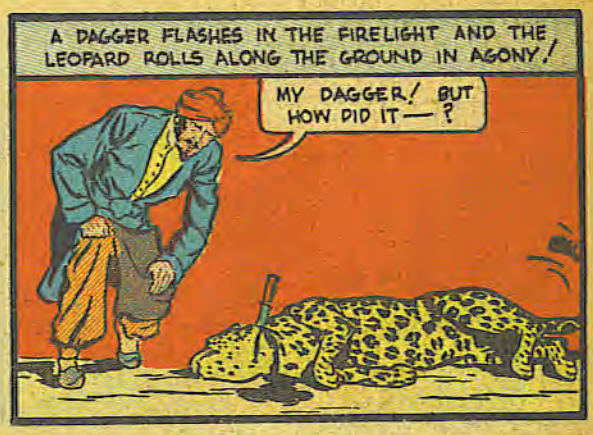
I HEARD YOUR REQUEST. HERE IS YOUR KNIFE! I FEAR NO MAN WHO HAS YOUR COURAGE, ROCKY RYAN!
OH – THANKS!

SLIP ME THAT DIAMOND YOU WEAR AROUND YOUR THROAT!
HOW – HOW'D YOU KNOW I WORE A DIAMOND?

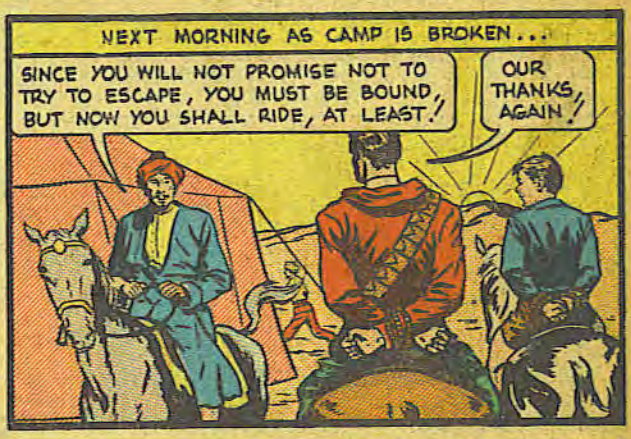
THIS BELONGED TO MY MOTHER. SHE LEFT IT FOR ME – AFTER I WAS TAKEN FROM HER YEARS AGO!

ROCKY SCRATCHES ON THE DAGGER WITH THE DIAMOND! WHY?
I'LL HAVE THIS DONE IN A JIFFY!
ROCKY – LOOK THERE!

AN INDIAN LEOPARD LEAPS FOR BHANGI SI!
SIVA PROTECT ME!


A DAGGER FLASHES IN THE FIRELIGHT AND THE LEOPARD ROLLS ALONG THE GROUND IN AGONY!
MY DAGGER! BUT HOW DID IT — ?

YOU THREW THAT DAGGER AT THE LEOPARD! WHY, ROCKY RYAN?
IF YOU DIE – SO DO I! IF YOU LIVE – MAYBE I WILL, TOO!

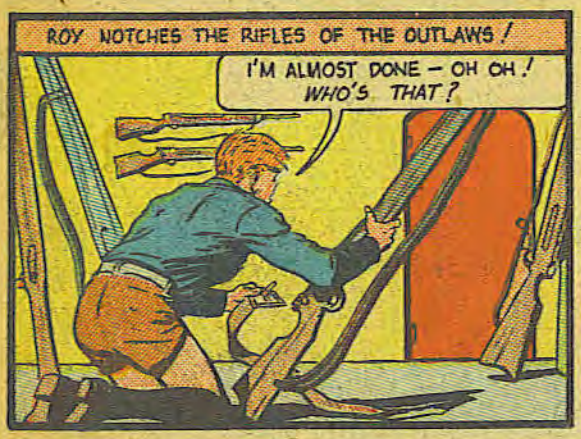

NEXT MORNING AS CAMP IS BROKEN...
SINCE YOU WILL NOT PROMISE NOT TO TRY TO ESCAPE, YOU MUST BE BOUND, BUT NOW YOU SHALL RIDE, AT LEAST!
OUR THANKS, AGAIN!

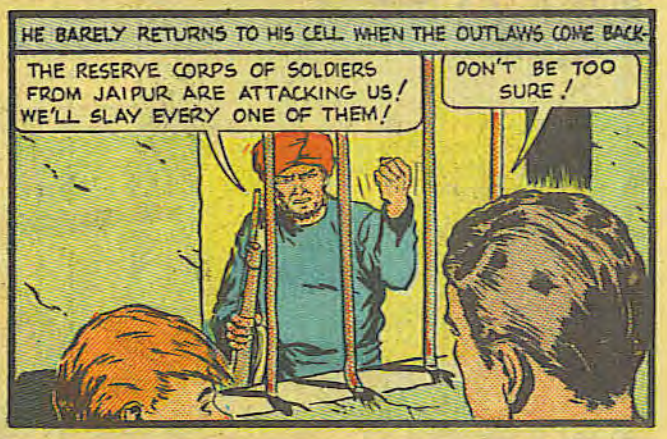
AS THEY PASS THE FALLEN LEOPARD ROCKY SEES THE DAGGER IS STILL THERE!
BHANGI SI WAS TOO SUPERSTITIOUS TO REMOVE HIS DAGGER – SO WE'RE GOING TO WIN OUT, ROY!
I DON'T SEE HOW!

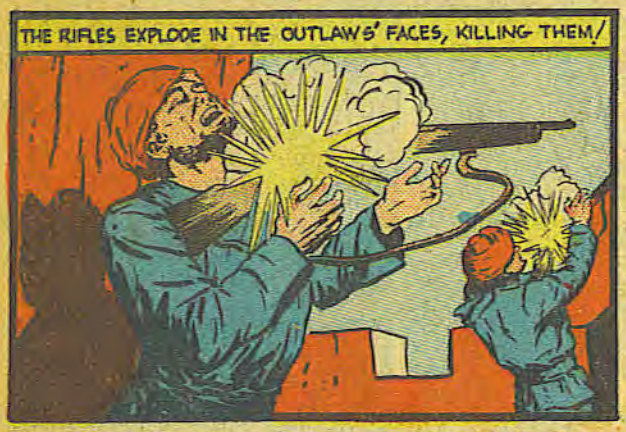
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER, ROY. AHEAD OF US IS AGRO – BHANGI SI'S STRONGHOLD!
GEE – NO TROOPS CAN GET HERE TO RESCUE US, IT'S ON A CLIFFTOP!

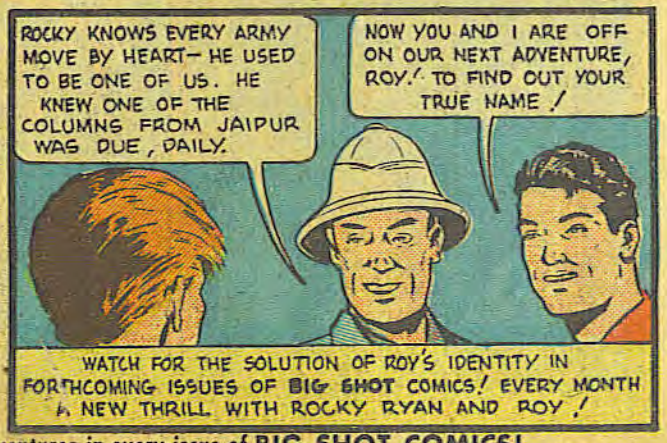
INSIDE BHANGI SI'S MOUNTAIN CITADEL, ROCKY AND ROY ARE FLUNG INTO A DUNGEON.
TAKE IT EASY, YOU GUYS!

BHANGI SI'S WEAPON ROOM. ALL HIS RIFLES ARE STORED THERE.
LOT OF GOOD IT DOES US!









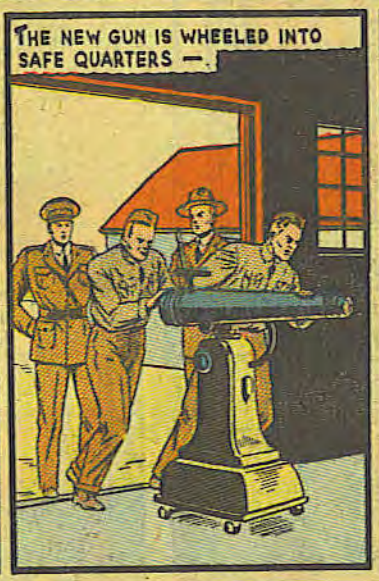
Thrill to **ROCKY RYAN'S** *world-wide adventures in every issue of* **BIG SHOT COMICS!**

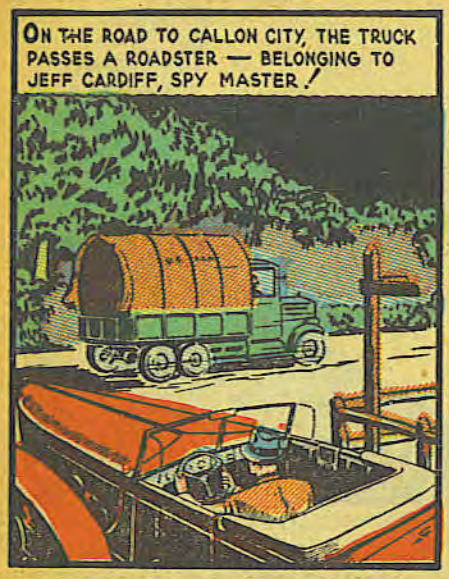
SPY-MASTER

by MART BAILEY

U.S. DISCOVERS NEW DETONATOR RAY!

NEW DEFENSE WEAPON EXPLODES POWDER AND GASOLINE AT TWO MILE

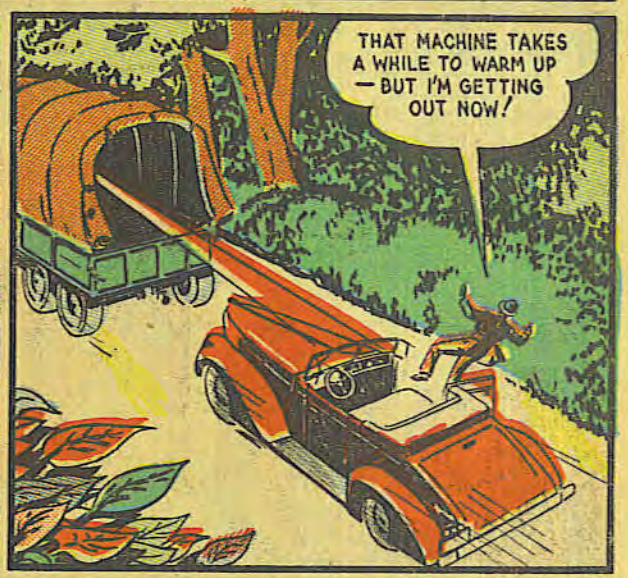



ON THE ROAD TO CALLON CITY, THE TRUCK PASSES A ROADSTER — BELONGING TO JEFF CARDIFF, SPY MASTER!

AS SURE AS MY NAME'S JEFF CARDIFF — THAT ARMY TRUCK IS A LONG WAY OFF ITS COURSE!

IN THE "ARMY" TRUCK —
THAT GUY IN THE ROADSTER'S BEEN TRAILING US FOR SOME TIME. GIVE HIM A SHOT OF THAT DETONATOR GUN!
SURE!

A WARNING GLOW IN THE GUN-TUBE WARNS JEFF!
HEY, THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY HERE! THE DETONATOR GUN — THEY'VE STOLEN IT!


THAT MACHINE TAKES A WHILE TO WARM UP — BUT I'M GETTING OUT NOW!

AND ONLY A SECOND LATER —

I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS — YOU DOUBLE-DEALING SPIES!

A RAGING SPY MASTER DEMANDS THE "DETONATOR GUN" CASE AS HIS ASSIGNMENT!
THEY BLEW UP MY CAR, MADE ME WALK TEN MILES TO A PHONE — WHO WOULDN'T BE SORE? I WANT THAT CASE! I'LL BRING 'EM IN!
WE OF THE ARMY DON'T CALL YOU "SPY MASTER" FOR NOTHING, JEFF! IF ANYONE CAN GET THEM — YOU WILL! GO TO IT, BOY!

I HEARD ONE OF 'EM CALL THE OTHER 'SLICK', JEFF.!
SOUNDS LIKE 'SLICK' MULLER! SNAPPY DRESSER, AND BRAINY!
ON HIS WAY TO A WAITING MOTORCYCLE, JEFF ENCOUNTERS THE GUARD WHO PERMITTED THE SPIES' TRUCK TO PASS THROUGH THE GATES —

SLICK'S A GAUDY BIRD, SO HE'LL HIDE OUT AS A BUM! HE'LL ACT THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT HE REALLY IS!
JEFF SPEEDS TO CALLON CITY, KNOWING THAT "SLICK" MULLER HANGS OUT THERE!

DISGUISED AS A TRAMP, JEFF BEGINS HIS MANHUNT IN THE DOCK DISTRICT OF CALLON CITY.
LOOKS LIKE ONE OF SLICK'S MEN! I WONDER —
Cafe

AIN'T I GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE LIKES OF YOU? WANT TO MAKE SOMETHING OF IT?
WHY-WHY-OF COURSE NOT!
JEFF TRIES TO EMBROIL THE MAN INTO A FIGHT - HOPING HE'LL LEAD HIM TO THE SPY HIDEOUT!

YOU'RE TOO HIGH-HAT FOR ME! PUT UP YOUR DUKES!
I-I AM NOT, HIGH-HAT!

THE INTERFERENCE THAT JEFF IS EXPECTING FINALLY ARRIVES —
BEAT IT, DIRK! I'LL TEND TO THIS TOUGH GUY!

JEFF ROLLS HIS HEAD EVER SO SLIGHTLY TO AVOID THE BLOW - BUT PRETENDS HE'S BEEN KNOCKED OUT!
COME ON, SLICK AND THORNE ARE WAITING!

THEY CAME THIS WAY! LUCKY FOR ME I KNEW THAT "HEAD-ROLL" TRICK! NOW TO GET THE EVIDENCE!

THERE THEY ARE, THE DIRTY TRAITORS!

JEFF ENTERS THE BUILDING AND, STEP BY STEP, APPROACHES THE PLOTTERS!

HERE GOES THE LIGHT!

JEFF SHOOTS OUT THE LIGHTS!
WE'RE ATTACKED — LET'S BEAT IT!
TAKE THE MACHINE ALONG!

WITH A FEW SHOTS, JEFF THROWS PANIC INTO THE PLOTTERS
YOU WON'T TAKE THAT RAY GUN WITH YOU — IF I CAN HELP IT!

THE SPIES ESCAPE THROUGH A REAR CELLAR DOOR!
HURRY UP — WE'LL MAKE THE SUBMARINE AND GET AWAY AT ONCE!

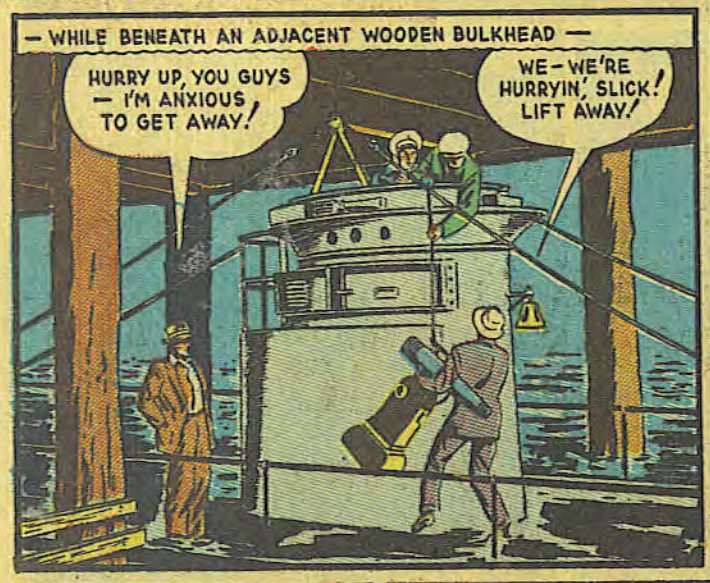
GONE! I COULD KICK MYSELF! I SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN HELP!

JEFF TAPS THE TELEPHONE WIRES—

RIGHT! OKAY, JEFF, I'LL HAVE THEM PLANTED, AS YOU SAY!

IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN — I THINK THAT SAILOR IN THE CELLAR WAS SNEAD THORNE, THE EX-SUBMARINE OFFICER!

AT THE MOUTH OF THE HARBOR, A U.S. DESTROYER HURRIEDLY LAYS MINES IN THE WATER!


— WHILE BENEATH AN ADJACENT WOODEN BULKHEAD —
HURRY UP, YOU GUYS — I'M ANXIOUS TO GET AWAY!
WE — WE'RE HURRYIN', SLICK! LIFT AWAY!

THAT'S IT! I THOUGHT THORNE WOULD HAVE HIS OLD SUB READY TO GET SLICK AWAY!

JEFF DIVES!

-AND CREEPS ONTO THE SUBMARINE!
NOW FOR THE QUICK RUSH!

JEFF CATAPULTS INTO THE GROUP ON THE CONNING TOWER!
HEY!
WATCH OUT!

MONEY AND *Big* PRIZES

Mail the Coupon to Get Started at Once

BOYS: Here's the chance of your young life. Leap on the cushion-soft saddle of this gleaming silvery bike. Notice its modern streamlining, the deluxe accessories. As you press gently on the pedals the zooming get-away will amaze you. Then you'll be flashing down the street on one of the lowest, speediest, classiest bikes you've ever laid eyes on, your breath caught in your Adam's apple! Claim this beauty, and any of 300 other big prizes. MAKE MONEY, besides.

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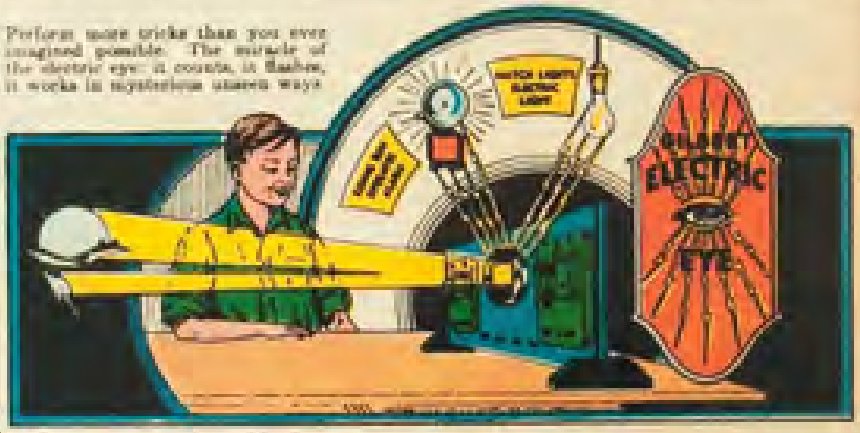
Perform more tricks than you ever imagined possible. The miracle of the electric eye: it counts, it flashes, it works in mysterious unseen ways



Over 300 prizes for you to earn! Imagine it! Almost anything you want—from a marble to a bicycle. These include your own clothing, shoes, musical instruments, typewriters, a movie machine, printing press, gold watches, candid cameras, athletic and Boy Scout equipment. Start today toward earning what you want. You'll make cash profits every week.

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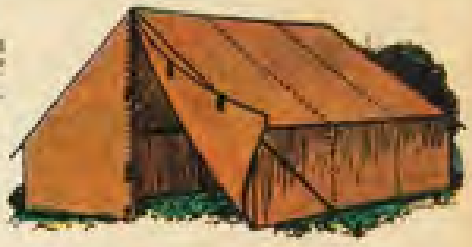

MAIL THE COUPON

300 BIG PRIZES IN ALL!

Certainly you'd like to have the pistol flashlight shown above and the genuine Popeye watch at the right. The cream of prizes for you!

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Address.....

City.....State.....